

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1228. — December 14, 1867.

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BY THE FIRE.

I.

No, darling, I am not crying. I have not been thinking at all;
 I've been watching the fire flames flash and leap, and the embers crumble and fall:
 No, I am not cold or tired, and my head does not ache, not much —
 No more than an old, old wound might do, just shrinking from sudden touch.

II.

Nay, love, had I ever a sorrow but was shared and lightened by you?
 Had I ever a joy that I did not bring for your gladness to prove it true?
 My autumn will scarcely doubt, I think, what my summer has proved so well;
 Let me kiss those loving lips to peace — indeed I have nothing to tell.

III.

What do I see in the fire? Why, the ghost of an eager face,
 With blue eyes asking — for what? ah, what? and a smile whose pathetic grace,
 If once one loved it, would haunt one's life, like the ring of a beautiful rhyme; —
 Did you ever silence, by reason or will, that mystical musical chime?

IV.

If I said dear, — it is in idleness all that I picture is there to-day,
 Till I hold my lips to catch the words the parting lips would say;
 In idleness all, or in something worse, for a quiet woman to do.
 I forget that my girlhood is gone, you see, as I sit in the gloaming with you.

V.

Nay, darling, you know I am happy — my life is so richly crowned;
 I am only 'dowly' a little — O the thrill in the homely sound!
 Give me your soft hand sister — come closer closer — there,
 Till the firelight gleams on the gracious head, with its glory of red-gold hair.

VI.

Speak in the dear old whisper — speak of our girlish days,
 When, free and fearless, we laughed to read our fate in the flickering blaze;
 Speak, till the quiet music soothes this dull unceasing pain,
 Till the phantom fades from the caverned coals, and the want from the weary brain.

VII.

It is hard to yearn so bitterly for what may never be won;
 It is hard to dream so holily, and wake to an evil done.

Ah, love me, sister; morning mists still shrink 'neath the noonday beams;
 Surely the steady love of a life will banish these fever dreams.
 — *Tinsley's Magazine.*

SHORN OF THE STATE CARRIAGE.

AN APPEAL BY A LONDON ALDERMAN.

In his State Carriage with what pride,
 The City saw the Lord Mayor ride!
 And ever, as he went, there rose,
 A general cry of "There he goes!"

That gorgeous object passing by
 Attracted Youth's uplifted eye,
 And had a highly moral kind
 Of influence on the youthful mind.

The errand boy's admiring gaze
 Was dazzled with its golden blaze;
 And then he thought how fine a thing
 It was to be the City King.

"And if," within himself, he said,
 "The path of industry I tread,
 And never loiter on my way,
 I, too, may ride in that one day."

So I thought often, when a lad,
 In cap, and sleeves, and apron clad —
 And so it was that I got on
 To rise in time like Whittington.

Discard the Lord Mayor's Coach of State,
 Because 'tis old, and out of date?
 Oh, shabby, paltry, mean, and base!
 Why, next you'll say, "Discard the Mace."

Lord Mayor's State Carriage put away?
 Not have it out on Lord Mayor's Day?
 And must the Men in Armor go?
 As well put down the Lord Mayor's Show.

We bade our City Barge farewell,
 Our Carriage will you likewise sell,
 To be in some museum classed
 Among the lumber of the past?

Oh, don't! If I could have my will,
 I'd make the Lord Mayor use it still,
 Reserved, till wanted, in Guildhall,
 Aloft, to be admired of all.

And, as Britannia points the eye
 To Nelson, in St Paul's, on high,
 Should London's statue striplings teach
 That carriage the attempt to reach.

You City Giants, are you dumb?
 Gog, Magog, to the rescue come!
 You'd better — for, unless you do,
 They'll drive us to get rid of you.

From The Contemporary Review.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

- The Starling. A Scotch Story.* By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.
Reminiscences of a Highland Parish. Second and cheaper edition.
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Simple Truth spoken to Working People.
The Gold Thread: a Story for the Young. Eleventh Thousand, with Illustrations.
Wee Davie. Thirty-fifth Thousand.
Good Words for the years 1866—1867.

PASCAL, with his wonted piquancy, says that "the world is full of wants, and loves only those who can satisfy them." He might have added that the apparent harshness of the dictum applied only where zeal was apt to outstrip capability. Generally, a real gift is unaccompanied with the self-consciousness which robs little services of the merit they might have in themselves. A man, if not a haughty humility, is what the world most prizes. Lackey-service, it knows, puts a high value on itself, and has a tendency to charge for the honour it does, carefully reckoning it in the bill. But the world catches the lackeys in their own snare, always withholding what it seems to give. As some eastern gods beat their worshippers, and only thereby instil deeper sentiments of reverence, so does the world with its servile worshippers, eager only for its word of favour, and too feverishly anxious to love work purely for itself. They may beg, but it will beat. And yet, though the world is thus rigorous in attaching its own values, loving fair play, it likes a man who truly values himself. And the standard of his work and of his value must be the reach over which his shadow kindly falls along the level of common life and common sympathies, subduing, softening, but at the same time, giving faithful relief. This is the guarantee we have that true genius will always seek to live in, and speak through, every-day things and common feelings, —

"The primal sympathies,
 Which having been, must ever be;" —

and the guarantee also that it will receive the reward and recognition it deserves.

If there is a man living, who by lucky turn of nature, by happy combination of ordinary-looking gifts, rather than self-conscious effort and intense activity towards popularity as an end, has nevertheless attained to the honour of supplying some wants the world in this nineteenth century has deeply felt, it is Dr. Norman Macleod. With no specially marked, or what might be called brilliant faculty, with no obtruding corners or angles such as at once strike and even rivet the attention, commanding oftentimes the intense and concentrated regard of a class or of a strong-headed school of zealots — the very roundedness of intellectual surface he presents to us at first sight, is apt to make us fancy that there can be little difficulty in effecting an exact measurement. Yet there is some difficulty in this; the same elements which have chiefly gone to make a fair estimate hard of attainment being those which have enabled Norman Macleod to do the world such service as he has done, in a time of crisis and transition, when men in falling from the steely restraint of old forms, ideas, and influences, are so apt to recoil backward into the abyss of license and abuse. While we seek a faithful characterisation of the healthy minister of the Barony, we shall not close our eyes to points wherein a little looseness of texture is discoverable. But in dwelling mainly upon his strong points, we may help to confirm and strengthen that bony line of Scotch-like character which in Dr. Macleod underlies and gives consistence to all his work, and from which, as from mental vertebrae, all the lesser recovering and adjusting organs develop themselves.

From the first moment Dr. Macleod — then a comparatively unknown minister of the Scottish Church — emerges into our view in the act of addressing wise, healthy, but unusual and unexpected words to a few children in a remote country school, up to this present time, when the great world is conning his latest lesson to it, he bears the character of a reformer, unconscious or but half conscious of the weight of the word he has to deliver. When at the obscure Ayrshire schoolroom, some sixteen years ago, he told the children to steep their minds in the good old children's lore — Cock Robin, Blue Beard, Jack the Giant-killer, and Cinderella — that whatever might do them harm, there was no fear of these doing them any, he spoke simply as being moved by a deep and intimate sympathy with child-nature, and out of no conscious intellectual revolt against pre-conceived ideas or modes of thought. The bond of

imagination and of heart kept him in harmony with a deeper and eternal mode of feeling with which he could not help crediting all who were near him; and we can easily conceive how the young eyes, relieved for once from school-restraint within the school, would turn toward the beaming countenance, and how the young faces, as they looked with curiously-mingled awe and sympathy, would gradually mantle over rosy with delight. And we can fancy too how some of the brethren of the straiter sect would lengthen their brows and purse up their mouths at each word unseasoned, as they thought, by the ever-necessary salt of reference to "chief ends" and "things needful," and would but ill conceal their restlessness from the speaker, who could not by his very nature understand or enter into their feelings any more than they could share his. This incident is characteristic, for it expresses better than the best description could do, the relation in which Dr. Macleod has all along stood to the orthodoxy of his country. While he is blamed for playing false with it, he is credited with occupying ground which being what he is he could never occupy. If he has at times seemed to run counter to certain constructions of dogma, it is because his nature has never allowed him to interpret them *intellectually* with anything approaching to strictness or rigour. The tendency of such men — and that which has chiefly given them power to diffuse Christian influences over broad and diverse areas where others, after many trials, had failed — is to read confessions and dogmas through the light of emotion and the universal human instinct. Scarce seeing, or seeking to see, them in any other relation, Dr. Macleod may well be surprised when he is accused of changing his ground. Where the logical nature would rest, thinking and seeking completeness, he rather sees what resembles a maze of cobwebs from which he turns hastily back to life itself, and it may chance that in the turning he, all unconsciously, breaks a thread or two as he passes along. Not that he disrespects or despises dogmas; only he must see them, in their concrete aspect, directly influencing and moving men. In no better way could we illustrate Dr. Macleod's position in this respect than by quoting some words of his own. They are not spoken as if with authority; they embody no concise and exhaustive code of opinion; and yet they express his whole character, and, in doing so, sufficiently justify him on the score of consistency. In Leyden, he has gone to see the portraits in

the old University Hall, and thus reflects: —

"Of course I request my guide to withdraw, that, all alone, I may get a whiff from the past amidst the deep repose of this ghost-like old hall. Here are profound scholars, like Scaliger; men of science, like Boerhaave; and divines, like Arminius; with the usual percentage of those whose names have gone amissing among the dust of books and churchyards. Some easy men are here, with double chins and single wit, who transmitted faithfully to the next generation what they got from the past, all wrapped up in a white napkin, never opened by themselves. They were awfully solemn in their rebukes of any student who profanely suggested an examination of the contents, lest they should have become mouldy by time and damp. And logical looking men are here, with knit brows and sharp noses, who had the faculty of proving to a demonstration points which no one either believed or contradicted. And weak, though proud-looking men also are here, with whom sonorousness passed for sense, and orthodoxy for religion, and who made 'dignified silence' the defence of their ignorance, and the graceful escape from their perplexities. There seem to be God-loving men also among them, with giant brows and child-like eyes. Arminius is here — how good and mild he looks! — with some of his followers and some of Calvin's side by side. How these sects fought while on earth! and most zealously in this land of ditches, sluggish canals, wheeling windmills, and dead flats. Great often was their mutual hate, too, in arguing about the love of God, whether it was for some or for all. There were martyrs in Holland to the five points, and the Synod of Dort was well-nigh as dogmatic and exclusive as the Council of Trent. These good men are now in heaven. Looking at their portraits I am inclined to say: 'I wonder, fathers and brethren, if you ever now understand the mysteries about which you divided families and Churches? Are the decrees or fore-knowledge yet comprehended by you in relation to man's responsibility and free-will?' But the figures begin to move on the walls, and we may have the dispute renewed, each ready to begin where he left off, finding that no one since his day has thrown any additional light upon it. Come, let us breathe the air!"

The self-consistency which comes from character is alone worthy of praise, and it may be often found to lie in the bosom of what is intellectual contradiction and paradox.

Perhaps there is scarce anything which at the present moment needs to be more urged upon general attention, than the fact that the ultimate test of all intellectual dogmas is, how they bear to be interpreted through this medium of emotion, which men

of poetical and creative, rather than strictly intellectual nature bring to bear upon them. No person of the least intelligence, or in the remotest degree familiar with the great currents of present-day thought, needs to be reminded of the wonderful influence Tennyson has exercised in the testing of dogmas, and the substantiating of what really possesses the germ of permanence through its capacity for receiving and assimilating the reflex hues of great but perpetually unchanging emotional currents. One of our most distinguished thinkers recently wrote: "The poet must always in a rude nation, and in a cultured one also, though in a less direct way, be the chief authority on religion. All questions touching its truth and obligations will at last come home to him for their answer. As he thinks and speaks will thinking men believe. Therefore a certain deference must be shown to him by the priests, if they are wise."

Though somewhat extravagantly put, there is, undoubtedly, truth in the remark. Of course, if men are to believe anything regarding the outer world and their relation to it, they must embody their belief in forms of some kind. But the error lies in this — and it is an error which has often had fatal results in the way of producing scepticism and revolution — that, while the main factor in the production of any belief whatsoever is emotion, struggling to reconcile itself with conscience disturbed in face of the awful mystery of life, this very element is abstracted in the reading of the dogma, so that all traces of mystery and wonder disappear behind the dusty systematisings of the intellect. The man of poetic nature will always, for the simple reason that he recovers this element, be most powerful to recommend religious truth. Keble, for instance, through the very harmony of form he sought, dealt with the Prayer-book in its emotional relations, and thus, seizing that which is catholic in it, unites the divided sections of the Anglican Church in a period above all others marked by difference and conflict. It is of the very nature of the intellect to seek system and to rest in it, refusing to perceive truth save in abstract classifications. But the more complete and unassailable the abstract system becomes, the less does it answer the needs of humanity, however much and however clearly it may reflect the thought and opinion of certain types of men. A purely abstract conception applied on the side of religion must in the end erect the priesthood into a caste, and, of course, divide

society itself into castes — a point which if the religious instincts are to be recognised at all, it greatly astonishes us that some of our Comtists do not clearly see in reference to their boasted scheme of things. To Comte's own credit it must be admitted that he did at last begin to see it. If, however, men like Mr. Lewis would but for a moment open their eyes to this, they would find that Comtism, so far as it is human and proclaims permanent relations, is but a return by a back-door and across a stagnant puddle to some elements already historical through the recorded teachings of Christ. The texts — "He that doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine," and "I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all men unto me," like sky-domes, include and exhaust all that Comte has to urge *dogmatically* as to the supremacy of the emotions over the mere intellect or understanding. Abstract the *Vivre pour autrui*, the "enthusiasm for humanity" which Comte has "conveyed" from Christianity, and his scheme collapses into the thinnest metaphysics. And it would be an exceptional, but at the same time a profitable work to trace out how far the dogmatic commentators on St. Paul, — who, forgetting his weighty words about "milk for babes" and "strong meat for men," draw elaborate theologies from his words, and refuse to view the great dramatic element, the "being all things to all men" to save some, which lies in his writings, and from which comes their eternal value to us, — we say it would be a profitable work to trace out how far these dogmatic commentators have contributed to make Comtism and similar systems get such a hearing and such a following.

Dr. Macleod, in following the leadings of his heart and imagination against the powerful intellectual influences which have been ceaselessly brought to bear upon him, has done Scotland — we had almost written England — a service which we in England do well to acknowledge and be grateful for. Doubtless, were we inclined to enter on nice questions of theology, we could find points of difference, "bones to pick," as it is in the Scotch vernacular. But our reward for this work would only be our own gratification, or little more — an eating of the east wind at its best; for as we have hinted, the chief distinguishing mark of Dr. Macleod's character is, that he does not care to realise his relation to any line of thought on its purely abstract side. This is the reason why we should expect, as indeed we really find, an indeterminateness, a looseness of form — a want of that clear adjustment arising

from a nice discrimination of the value of separate points—in any effort of Dr. Macleod's of a purely intellectual character. The very energy of his nature, which, like Wordsworth's cloud, "moveth altogether if it move at all," conceals the real momentum of the gathered force, while, however, the movement is not swift enough to conceal in the least degree the softness, the loose and capricious irregularity of the outline. Even in his creative efforts, whatever of purely intellectual *motif* or purpose may lie *perdu* in them, is disturbing; so far, at all events, as it is abstracted from the deeper unconscious purpose, and viewed as intellectual. In the "Old Lieutenant and his Son"—which is excellent in its own way, with a dash of the salt sou'-wester and the sweet breath of the land both blowing through it and mingling as they meet—the story is spoiled the moment that we agree to permit the intellect to clear a line alongside the imagination, as it is evident the author allowed himself to do for the sake of saving the feelings of some of the weaker brethren. Here we have, in one point of view, the same result as we shall find arose out of his endeavour finally to put himself right on the Sunday Question by his great speech. There is a consequent disturbance of the soft surface of form by certain angular points of opinion—wholly foreign to the meditative mood in which he works,—being thrown abruptly, almost volcanically, to the surface. One of the daintiest little gems—a *genre* sketch worthy of Meissonier—"Our Bob," is thus spoiled by the author's yielding to the "wishes of friends," and drawing a direct lesson for the intellect. "Wee Davie," by which Dr. Macleod first asserted his right to a place beside the masters of quaint portraiture and pathetic humor, is admirable. The lights of the imagination seem to flicker round the little child-figure rather than to abide steadily upon it, and the result is a puzzled curiosity how out of so little the author could bring so much, combined with a certain sense of satisfaction such as we derive only from the very best works of the greatest artists. It is almost a creation of the highest order. But the sketch "Aunt Mary," which every reader of *Good Words* will remember, is the freest of all Dr. Macleod's efforts from the fault we have been speaking of. In this wonderful little bit of work the writer's sympathies play freely round his object, carried calmly and clearly in the mind's eye, till the last careful touch is "put lovingly on the canvas." The meditative forces, all the time far with-

drawn, create a background of subdued harmonies, in which, as in a May morning's sky, the very stillness is pathetic with hint of music, as the wanderer at some turning suddenly catches sight of a touch of inexpressible beauty, and stands waiting. Even with regard to "The Starling," in which Dr. Macleod's genius has taken its highest flight as yet, we shall err if we read it as a piece of argument launched at his opponents on the Sunday Question. Viewed in that light it is a failure; a lesser man could have moved lightlier and thrown the stone with greater precision and directness of aim. To do this work justice, we must draw off the surface waters of a temporary argumentation, which are a mere accident, and regard it as a careful study of character, the great aim of which is to deal faithfully and impartially with a group of typical persons widely opposed in nature, disposition, habits and circumstances. Its chief merit, and that which will, after all, recommend it to the attention of thinking people hereafter, is the fact brought out in it with such clearness, that men of narrow views, of constrained intellect, are yet at the same time men of deep feelings—men whose "rocky hearts" only need to be struck with the rod of deep human suffering to send out waters of sympathy. The great lesson, of the story, perhaps the deeper that it is unconscious, is, that neither a "fool's" vague estimate of himself, nor the dogmas of a hard intellectual zealot, are to be taken as the ultimate measure of the man's capability; and that therefore both alike should be approached and dealt with in patience and brotherly love. And the lesson is only likely to be read with the full effect of which it is capable, when we can it in the light of the author's own example.

And as Dr. Macleod's relation to truth is not intellectual, so neither is his relation to men. Hence his tolerance, his kindly receptivity and openness of nature. We are firmly of opinion that there is not one of those who have spoken harshly and bitterly of Dr. Macleod, whom he would not gladly meet and hold communion with on the broad platform of a common manhood and a common Christianity, were he convinced that the good of others would be promoted thereby. Here, surely, in the health which sets him above morbid, and therefore unchristian exclusiveness, he has the better of those who assail him in a tone and temper only too suggestive of the boots and the thumb-screw.

It would be a fine field for critical analysis, to trace out the broad line of demarca-

tion by which Dr. Macleod is distinguished from a growing class of moral-artists, who notwithstanding that they have command of certain instruments of the creative genius, yet lack its true impulse, and so find it needful to substitute for the morning sunlight that breathes life through all it touches, the cold candle-light glow of the logical understanding. The one has all the regularity and consistency of a flower-garden lighted by Chinese lanterns; the other, the vitality and freshness of the moorland, through which, however, there runs a beaten track, dry and grey and uneven, on which the eye rests with a sense of dissatisfaction and uneasiness, and from which it only escapes by concentrating attention on the separate portions, and resolutely shutting out the artificial byway.

Here, too, when we consider for a moment, we shall find the key to a singular fact, which repeatedly comes to view in Dr. Macleod's career as a public speaker and public man. Whenever, in the goodness of his heart, and his warm desire to maintain his hold on the kindly suffrages of his fellows, he has sought to develop his own views logically, and to make plain his ground, he cannot be said to have done so with success. The restless, irregular, and somewhat heavy tramping of faculties unfitted to move within the bare logical arena, casts up an irritating dust which tires the eye of those who do not look high enough or long enough to see the separate points of thought, brightened by the lambent gleam of the imagination, glimmering through and softly enlightening all. To the logical mind, intent only on the formal relation and development of thought with thought "in regular sequence bound," we can conceive no greater irritant. We can sympathise with the motive which led Dr. Macleod to attempt a self-justification, as he did in the case of his memorable speech on the Sunday Question; but still we must confess that he chose such instruments, as by the very force and fulness of his character, he was compelled to bestow in his pockets before he was well begun, and with which he several times cut his fingers as he tried to avail himself of them afterwards in their order. It is not our business to discuss that speech here; abler hands have done that piece of work once for all; we have merely referred to it that we may fix more clearly the key to the Doctor's whole character.

But the same elements which thus tend to make Dr. Macleod unsuccessful as a chamber-orator, if we may be allowed to speak so, give him vast power over great

masses, where, from the wide varieties of men—the differences of training and ways of looking at things—the impression must be sustained through warmth of pervading sympathy, rather than slowly built up through fine relation of thought with thought. A self-consuming enthusiasm the crowd likes as little as it does a show of fine thinking, or if it be taken by this, it soon gets wearied out. Dr. Macleod, like Garibaldi, often cleaves a way right to the heart of the people, by brushing aside a logical difficulty and offering instead a picture set in a framework of poetic feeling. A naturalness, a quiet impressiveness of bearing, wholly alien to the studied declamation or attitudinizing so common now-a-days, has come of this sympathetic mood, which ever tends to make a man indifferent to mere fineness of detail. The force is too compact to spread itself over many little lines of influence; it moves wave-like, in large volume, carrying all before it. He carefully eschews nice distinctions, and never defines where he can describe the thing and paint its results. There is about his oratory a warmth, a freshness, a fulness of statement—a boldness which never shirks a difficulty, yet never loses itself in false refinements. Other men make finer points; have a keener sense for the special characteristics of classes; use more captivating sentences, and have the knack of setting one part of their discourse over against another so as to touch the extreme poles of experience. Dr. Macleod's oratory is natural, and its light and warmth operate through every part, making his discourse genuine wholes, in spite of the rude and unpolished blocks which he seems sometimes to throw in the way. In a word, he brings with him a wealth of personality, of sympathy, of life, which, not being strained through any artificial filter of rhetorical trick, works with mighty effect upon the common fibre of humanity; and this is the secret of his wonderful power on the platform and in the pulpit.

Dr. Macleod, if somewhat unfortunate in the circumstances amid which he began his career, has been abundantly blessed with the power of shaping opportunities for himself. He was thrown, with his virgin powers fresh and vigorous, into the midst of the great "Non-intrusion" controversy, the fruit of which was the foundation of the Free Church of Scotland. The fiery rain of discord was in the air—a fearful consuming, slow-falling drizzle—the appetite for the blood of controversy had been awakened by the tasting of it, and the institutions of

Scotland were in a condition of rupture. Families were divided into hostile branches, and dearest friends became direst foes. There was no repose anywhere; and to dream of sanctuary in the church and try to realise the dream, was to rush to destruction. Was it not something amidst all this to see a man composedly educating himself to work out, from the church as a centre, a scheme of broader and more lasting union? Sometimes consciously held before himself, but oftener not, this has nevertheless been the dream of Dr. Macleod's life. He is a child of the "Non-intrusion" controversy; and driven by it to seek in the activities of the larger, more generous nineteenth century, what the narrow circle of the old, stern, sapless theology denied him, he is the opponent, but not the foe, of the narrow evangelicalism which sacrifices life to creed, letter to form, spirit to word, and Christ to history.

He has stood apart from both the main streams of Scottish theological thought, and yet he has appropriated the best in both, so far as these are productive of influences which go to form and ennoble human character. In some things he is a Tory—in the power, for instance, of seeing value and the possibility of worth in old forms of social relations, and in his faculty of vividly restoring the past, which, unlike Scott, he never represents simply for its own sake, as we see well in his "Highland Parish," which is one great and continuous argument for certain social reforms. But then again, in his keen eye for seeing genuine manhood under all warpings of condition and circumstance—an eye which, like that of his venerable "Aunt Mary," harvests into the garner of his heart all that is hopeful and good in other human beings, and rejects the evil only; and in his power of adapting himself to change of manners and modes of thought, he is emphatically a democrat of the democrats. In his songs, for instance, with what clear, steady precision does he sweep a space clear in the social plane whereon every honest man may come and stand, with the humble pride of which Burns so often wrote and spoke. Listen; this is a little note from his minstrelsy—his *Curler's Song*,—surely all the more genuine a production of art that, as we believe, Dr. Macleod himself is no curler:—

"A' nicht it was freezin,' a' nicht I was sneezin',
'Tak' care,' quo' the wyfie, 'gudeman, o'
yer cough;'

A fig for the sneezin'! hurrah for the freezin'!

This day we're to play the Bonspiel on the loch!

Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,

For the sun on the snawdrift's beginnin' to blink;

Gi'e me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff for the lochan,

To mak' the stanes flee to the tee o' the rink!

Chorus—Then hurrah for the curlin' frae Girvan to Stirlin'!

Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane!—

'Ready noo!' 'soop it up!' 'clap a guard!' 'steady noo!'

Oh! curlin' aboon every game stans alane!

"The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended—
Like a glass ye may glower on't and shave aff yer beard:

And see hoo they gaither, comin' ower the brown heather,

The servant and master, the tenant and laird!

There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late and early,

Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be,

Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin', they'll send the stanes spinnin'

Wi' a whirr and a curr till they sit roun' the tee.

Then hurrah, &c.

"It's an uncolike story that baith Whig and Tory

Maun aye collyshangie like dogs ower a bane;
And a' denominations are wantin' in patience,

For nae Kirk will thole to let ithers alane;
But in fine frosty weather let a' meet thegither,

Wi' a broom in their haun' and a stane by the tee,

And then, by my certes, ye'll see hoo a' pairties

Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!

Then hurrah," &c.

In his travels—"Peeps at Russia," and "Peeps at the Netherlands and Holland," and very notably in his "Eastward"—he has exhibited this faculty of detecting the prime points of human nature, and quietly identifying himself with them, in something of the still unconscious reserve of children with other children bigger and older than themselves, to whom much may be new or strange, but who quickly succeed in making themselves at home after the first quiet look of confidence and mutual measurement has

been exchanged. For there is deep in Dr. Macleod's nature a vein of *naïveté* and innocent craft, enriching and vitalizing it, and bubbling up crystal-clear at the very points where you would fancy that the dust of custom, habit, and opinion, would have choked it. His description of the *Béguines* of Ghent is surely characteristic and valuable looked at in this light; and not the less that it was written fifteen years ago, before the question of deaconesses was stirred in this country. The reader will not fail to notice the spontaneous *abandon* and tricky turns of thought:—

"Let us enter this old-fashioned gate. We are in the midst of what is almost a small village, separated from the city by a high wall and circling canal. It is a large irregular square, with houses ranged along its sides; irregular streets crossing it, a large church in an open space in the centre, and a hospital close by. And such silence! Listen! A gentle ripple from the wave of the populace outside is alone heard echoing through the mysterious little streets. The inhabitants, if there are any, must be asleep. No; there goes one, two, a third—creeping like shadows to and fro about the hospital, all dressed alike, with black gowns and white caps. Nuns, every one of them. We are in the famous old convent of the *Béguines*, which has existed here, just as we see it, for centuries; and one can hardly fancy a better institution for respectable old ladies, who have no definite calling in the big and busy world, 'barring,' of course, its *credenza*, and having regard only to its *agenda*. Look at this nun, for instance. She is neither young nor beautiful; and young or beautiful nuns, by the way, I never discovered in any nunnery ever visited by me, and I have visited many. My belief is that they exist only in novel nunneries. This old *Béguine* coming towards us is a fair specimen of her class—round, dumpy, comfortable, half-nurse, half-housekeeper, and with a large knowledge of cookery. Depend upon it she is very happy, and very useful. When her parents died long ago there was probably nothing left for her to do, but to keep house for a nephew. The nephew and she did not get on well. She was 'too particular' for young *Hopeful*; too strict a Churchwoman for his fancy. Her fast days and poor dinners came intolerably often for his carnal appetite. But no one could match her in gruels and possets during times of sickness, and no one could deny that a kinder soul never existed than Aunt Rachel. Now, when the nephew married, what better could Aunt Rachel do than go into the convent close by? Of course, we would insist upon it, that she should be allowed to leave when she pleased; and this liberty is granted to the *Béguines*. But there is much to induce her to remain. She has got a very neat comfortable dwelling in the row, with a small flower plot before it. A high wall separates her house and

garden from those of all her neighbours, and from the convent square. But opposite each cozy dwelling there is a door in the wall, and on the door is inscribed, not Aunt Rachel's name— for that has been left in the parish register, and in the memory of the world only—but the name of a patron saint, it may be St. Agnes or St. Bridget, and by some such title only is Aunt Rachel known. And here she lives alone, the chapel being close by for daily worship; the old bald-headed priest ever accessible for a quiet chat and confession; her neighbour saints always near for mutual edification, sympathy, and, no doubt, a little occasional confidential conventual gossip at tea-time or after vespers. Better than all, there is the hospital for sufferers, where the good old woman, with a band of sisters like-bodied and like-minded, is to be found cooking, reading, crossing, ministering, and waddling about day and night. I can name several of my lady acquaintances who would make inimitable nuns, and be very happy and very useful, who are now wasting their time in boarding-houses, or making calls to the disturbance of the studious. For instance, there are—But, on second thoughts, I think it safer to withhold names. At the same time I cannot help expressing my sober conviction that the period has more than arrived when the question regarding deaconesses, or the organization of Christian women for the work of ministering to the poor, the sick, and the ignorant, especially in our large towns, must be more patiently and earnestly considered by all our Churches—especially by the Presbyterian Churches—than it has been. When this is done, we shall have much to learn from the *Béguines*."

And added to these traits there is the passion for the open air and the common earth. This pervades and animates all he does; his travel sketches would be limp and colourless without it. He loves to ramble, and loiter and rest on the oars as the stream dreamily ripples by; he delights to gaze on the waves as they lazily lift themselves in the low light of a rising or a dying sun, and to let his thoughts at such moments follow each other at their own sweet will, in fine accord with the place and the spirit of the time.

Yet, whether in prose or verse, Dr. Macleod never rises on the wings of inspiration; he is a stranger to that self-conscious intensity in which the fiery wheel of individuality consumes its own axis, and all special features perish in the swiftness of its motion upwards. He loves to walk in the common ways, and leisurely see what lies on either hand; to rub shoulders with men of varied race and varied culture. He can enjoy a gossip with an intelligent mechanic on the rate of wages, or the advantage of

benefit societies; or chat with a spoiled aristocrat on what interests him, so as at last to charm him to a better life. And both he can right well and weightily advise; for like one of his own characters, he "never picks out faults, but covers them; never preaches, but can gie an advice in twa or three words that grip firm about the heart, an' tak' the breath frae ye."

As an index of how he views social questions, take this passage on amusements, quoted from one of the little peeps across the Channel already alluded to:—

"We arrived at the Hague during the week of its great annual *kermis* or fair. It would be unprofitable to describe at length these Dutch saturnalia. With few exceptions, they are like all other exhibitions of the same class—innumerable booths, many of them got up with wonderful taste and beauty, merchandise of all sorts, theatres, shows, horsemanship, giants and dwarfs, gambling, drinking, tons of toys, tubs of pickles, crowds of men, women, and children, dissipation of all sorts, night and day. The Dutch are proverbially *douce*, sober and formal. They have few amusements or excitements on week days; their Sabbaths are, outwardly, almost as well kept as the Scotch. But when the *kermis* comes round it seems to be an understood thing with the working classes, and even domestic servants, that a general indulgence is proclaimed for every vice. This is exactly what one would expect. It is so in Scotland on New Year's day, and some of our fairs. Men *will* have amusement and excitement, as certain as the ocean will have its spring tides, and the world its summer flowers and summer songs. How can this 'in-born appetite' best be fed? Shall it be treated as a crime, and handed over to Satan; or shall it be made to minister to man's happiness according to God's will? Shall it be pent up until it gathers strength enough to burst all the barriers of law and decency, and rush forth in annual floods of wild and unbridled passion; or shall society recognise it, perceive how full of goodness and benevolence it is, and adopt such wise plans as will run it off in gentle rills, week by week, or even day by day, to freshen and irrigate the earth, and make our fields more green and beautiful? Whoever adjusts this demand to the other and higher demands of man's nature, will confer an inestimable boon on society. All classes require their amusements to be reformed, not reduced; spread over, not concentrated; directed, not annihilated; in a word, to be taken out of the kingdom of Satan, and brought into the well-ordered and beautifully-balanced kingdom of Christ on earth. The tendency of all extremes is to toss man over into their opposites. When the swing is highest on one side, look out for broken heels, and falls on the other. One cause of the tendency to pervert the Sabbath from a holy day to a holiday, is the incessant

toil, barren of hours of rest, and of all amusement and gentle excitement during the week. The bouts of hard drinking indicate many previous days of parched thirst."

Dr. Macleod's great gift is, in one word, a still reciprocity which, during those pauses of active and conscious effort he so delights in, passes through the mind much that is inevitably lost to the man of nimble logic, with understanding always on the stretch. Like the sage shepherd's dog, he is most watchful when half asleep, with one eye as it would seem closed upon the object. His half-careless attitude and mood of self-withdrawn quiet, serve to lure his game towards him as by involuntary mesmeric attraction. Thus, as he never works with slow nervous touch round an object, elaboration and slow sustained development of moods of mind and types of character far removed from him or strange to him, are what we discover no trace of in all his efforts. If we may be pardoned using another image in this connection for clearness' sake, we would say that his genius is like the tentacula of certain fish—the moment the fitting object touches, it is caught, assimilated, and transformed into the warmest colours, soon to tincture the outer shell and glisten in the sunlight. In this lies the peculiar mark of Dr. Macleod's power. If things come not to his inward eye in solitude, they at least seem to come without his going out in active search for them. He never does battle for an idea, and never beats the air round about a logical fallacy, although sometimes he does warm up at a truth exhibited on the side of character. But even then the warmth is soft, diffusive, equable—a low steady light, resembling that which suffuses an evening cloud, and seems to inform every part alike.

And here we have the secret of the complaint sometimes short-sightedly raised as to the ease and want of labour displayed in Dr. Macleod's productions. Those who have urged this against him as a fault, have entirely failed to observe, critically, the only facts which can be assigned as the cause, and in relation to which, the very defect contributes to give individuality and value to all that he has done—whether discourses on missions, stories of Scottish life, or studies of Scottish character. The mood of involuntary or half-voluntary meditation, out of which his best bits of work in the way of story or song have risen, is ignored, and the peculiar reserve of force to which this testifies, and which actually scorns tricks and all sorts of rhetoric,

is made the ground of condemnation, without the slightest insight into the real reason of the phenomenon. Such complaints from a certain school of criticism are not much to be wondered at. With them Wordsworth himself is a weakling.

One other characteristic mark we notice, in illustrating which we may discover another reason for the apparent ease and want of relief which has just been spoken of. With not a few writers of fine endowment — writers of exquisite genius, and temperament sensitive as the *Mimosa* — we are not long in contact till we discover marks of intellectual conflict; get a glimpse of scars, received in a doubtful battle, which still tingle at the least touch of the east wind. Mr. George MacDonald, for instance, exhibits the phenomenon of an intellect, keen, searching, persistent, yet baffled and driven back in the attempt to scale those metaphysical walls which the old Scotch theologians set to guard their cherished dogmas. Only a powerful imagination, a wondrously versatile fancy, could by relief have preserved such an intellect from prostration in the determined facing of problems like these. And even yet, Mr. MacDonald is constantly glancing backwards at these stirrings of the intellectual waters, and disturbing their steady flow by permitting accidental referents like malicious sprites to descend and stir up the muddled residuum. Mr. Thackeray stood in somewhat the same position, although he had dealt with the problem more on the moral side. Still, to thoughtful readers, the "awful will," the "awful fate," the "awful power," cropping up with a sort of false majesty in such connections as he thought well to use it, come with strange significance. This, too, was a stirring up of a muddled residuum. Perhaps both these have been somewhat influenced by Mr. Carlyle, who, in one point of view, is less consistent than either, inasmuch as while he repudiates Calvinistic dogmas, and is perpetually heaping contempt on Calvinism as a thing believed, he yet worships its practical outcome in great and striking characters.

With more of pressure from external circumstances Dr. Macleod has eschewed all such intellectual scorchings. Hence, with him, the stream of life flows clear and full, the stillness of its onward unimpeded course tending to conceal at once its purity and its depth. There are no black back-currents or circling side-eddies sweeping up long buried sandbanks. He is preëminently a sound, healthy man; there is not a

single trace of morbidity in his nature. And as it is from the intellect, when turning round the sharp jutting points of personal experience, that the finest touch comes which artists like Thackeray put on their work, and self-consciously defend by brilliance of point and emphasis, we may, perhaps, find here a healthy and sufficient reason why Dr. Macleod's books are so equable, so unrelieved, as to suggest the idea of an easy complacency closely associated with such power as almost renders it inexcusable.

And yet, though we might be apt to lose sight of the fact, Dr. Macleod powerfully exhibits that special quality of the Scotch character, which Englishmen, seeing it on one side, call cold caution, and on another, perseverance or persistency. They are properly different sides of the same thing, as the dull, cold surface of the ice veils the inner heat, and is necessary to it — the element, in fact, on which it feeds. But we have been accustomed to see this peculiar national quality allied with intellect alone, the slave of a keen logic to which all else is made subservient. We see it thus in men like Dr. Candlish, and Dr. Gibson of Glasgow. In Dr. Macleod, on the other hand, there is the same steady, Hebrew-like persistency; but it is not allied with intellect alone, but leavens his whole nature. It does not drive him, as it drives others, to follow after a mere logical result, the intensity of the search being increased by the lack of real satisfaction in it. But it appears clearly enough in the quick, uncompromising common-sense, determined to a purpose, from which nothing will divert it. Easy and compliant as some critics have made him out to be, he knows how to "keep pegging away." The greatest things he has done have been done by an intense application and steady continuance, for which he has not got full credit as yet. To-day he works for precisely the same ends as he did twenty years ago. The unremitting toil he has gone through for the cause of missions, more especially Indian missions, few know of on this side the Tweed, and few, perhaps, on either side of it fully appreciate. The sagacity with which he has organized charitable and other institutions in the several parishes he has been minister of, showing the rarest faculty of enlisting the sympathies of all and setting each person to his or her proper work, is well known to all who take an interest in such matters. Thus while all that is delightfully contemplative and in sympathy with the "eerie" and mysterious pertaining to the Celtic

nature has been preserved in him, it has been wedded with the sharpness, the common-sense and sagacity of the lowland Scotch. The result is a character, clear, yet never hard or rigid; imaginative, yet never dreamy; loving the mysterious and spiritual, but never becoming vague or mystical; and full of sympathy, yet never wasting it in empty and idle bewailings. What we owe to the Celtic nature in the way of tempering the acidity and hardness of the Scotch character is well seen in Dr. Macleod.

Although we have repudiated the idea of any fiery intellectual conflict in Dr. Macleod's case, we should not be understood as saying that he has had no deep and trying experiences. It is easy for some men to walk from Dan to Beersheba, and find it all barren; it is not very easy for a man of large heart and ready sympathy to pass along the rough ways of life and not see much to move and trouble him. Dr. Macleod's speeches on missions, and his writings on the Poor Laws and Charity, show how closely he has been touched by scenes of woe, and pain, and want, and how deeply he has thought on the best mode of meeting and relieving them. The voyage which he is about to undertake to the Mission field of the far east, is but a crowning testimony to the truth of this statement—that he is keenly moved by everything that concretely appeals to his heart and sympathy, and that he allows no distracting cloud of sentiment or intellectual subtlety to come between and remove the painful object to a distance from him. He must be in very deed face to face with the human front of the problem, and see the worst of it; and seeing the worst, he usually discovers also some point of good, and gains back the hopefulness he had almost lost, as in looking steadily down a deep dark well in daytime, one is astonished to find a star or two at last come clearly out. If the doctor's intellect is far withdrawn it is only, as we hinted before, to form a sort of sombre neutral background to the movement of his genius; and we find in this the finer indirect expression of the incessant but unwearied activity of his nature, which by its wonderful well-oiled regularity almost conceals itself in its soundless progress.

And viewing the matter broadly, and in its mere literary aspect, it is a point worthy the careful attention of critics that a divine of the Church of Scotland should have been the first to produce works of fiction dealing with Scottish character, without

any evident and consciously disturbing bias from theological opinion. And this is the more surprising when we remember what an effect, both positively and negatively, the narrow theology of Scotland has had upon art, and upon liberal culture, whenever it touched the æsthetic side. From one point of view we see it proscribing all artistic activity whatever, condemning it as idolatry, a sinful erecting of graven images; while from the other we see it fostering a spirit of sharp revolt, utterly alien to the calm contemplativeness out of which, as from a soft well-tilled soil, lasting works of art must rise. Notwithstanding its great intellectual energy during these centuries, Scotland still remains poor in works of high art. Even yet, among the mass of the middle class, there is amazingly little sympathy with art as art—that is, as a creation in which a unity of conception, or an ideal element, must pre-eminently. The art-biometer, though it now vibrates upward under the genial breathing of men like Phillip, Noel Paton, the Faeds, and others, still tends backward to where the word "portrait" is written. Even Carlyle, notwithstanding his intense sympathy and his wide culture, reflects this feature in his excessive love of reality, of biography, of more isolated portraiture, which in him runs almost to disease.

The severe relentless theology of Geneva has deep lines, which, however, are hard and angular, and seldom suggest artistic treatment, while an unflinching and literal acceptance of the cold negatives of a super-sensate economy has tended to stifle all aspirations after art-production. Scott never seems to revolt and spoil his work save when his characters are of the Puritanic type, and then he inclines to behave himself towards them as though they had injured him: Burns is never unpoetical or unsympathetic save when he wildly lampoons the Calvinistic clergy; and in our own days the unrest, which has come of centuries of opposition of the cold unsanctioning intellect to the free creative impulses of humanity, tends to narrow and cramp such works of George MacDonald, as for humour, fancy, and free interplay of the finest facilities of heart and head, have nothing to approach them in present-day literature. Even of our own knowledge, some of the most successful Scottish painters had daily to do battle against peasant prejudices in such a way that up to this hour the memory of their outset in art-study is painful to them to recall.

We may condemn a movement in its di-

rect issues, and yet honestly acknowledge its indirect effects in producing, in combination with other influences, good results. The easy-going Epicurean moderatism of the latter half of the eighteenth century was not without its better side, viewed broadly. It sought freedom for itself to live as it deemed best, and its maxim was to allow others in innocent, and in some scarce innocent, things to do as they chose. The ban in this parish and in that was removed from the act of trying to make a picture, and the way was prepared for the access of a new generation, who could be liberal without indifference, and see in a product of the imagination, if sanctified by a regard for justice, truth, and "the beautiful instincts that remain," a more powerful medium of education and enlightenment than a sermon, however well laid out and delivered.

And Dr. Macleod is the first Scotchman who, brought up amidst strict Calvinistic belief, sees and appropriates, through imagination, the essence of good that lies in it in its relation to character, and so uses and develops it without hint of prejudice or conscious reaction. Hence a certain fulness and fairness which we lack elsewhere; a justness of vision and of aim to which, till his time, Scotch fiction is almost a stranger. Scott escaped absolute falseness by indifference, only ill-concealed, which has given Carlyle the ground for saying that he wholly lacked earnestness, which is true only from one special point of view — and Scott is the originator of that sentimental half pitiful way of viewing Scottish puritanism, against which, were extreme Scotch Calvinists only wise, they would gladly accept Dr. Macleod's interpretations as the most thorough anti-septic. Mr. Porteous, in the "Starling," with his "*first pure, then peaceable*," is not so blind as not to see and acknowledge at last a better form of purity than is common, which needing no restraint, carries peace within its bosom; and the unconscious lesson of the story had been lost, had Mr. Porteous' eyes been opened to this without a sharp struggle, which, however, only makes his character resemble those sea-coast flowers which look the sweeter when their leaves are crusted over with the rough sea-salt.

But Scott's personal dislike of certain forms of Scotch belief was constantly running off at the gargoyles of caricature, in such a healthy, unconscious way, that the ill-effect was reduced to a minimum. Dr. Macleod, however, recovers the wave of life at the very side where it recedes from Scott; and in seeking by its aid to awaken men to possibilities of union deeper, more human, more

lasting than the superficial surf-beat of mere dogma and opinion, has brought a fresh and healthy addition to our stock of educational influences — a bright, beautiful series of pictures, which, by the very fact of their existence, promise for Scotland a new era, of which the discussion of union among the Presbyterian Churches is but the public signal and prelude.

From The Spectator.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.*

THE great merit of Mr. Motley as a historian, and it is a very great merit, is a quality which, for want of a better word, we must term vitality. We cannot altogether accept his view of the philosophy of history, penetrated, as it is, to saturation, with a half unconscious dislike of organization, of compulsion in any form or for any end, and we do not always agree with him in his estimate of individual characters. There is "a wealth to some large natures lent, divinely lavish though so oft misspent," which he does not appreciate, and which belonged, for example, to the first Bourbon, the sensual, self-seeking, free-thinking, broad-hearted Henry IV.; who kept a harem, but cared for the masses; told broad stories, but was never taken in by a diplomatist; fought for himself before all men, but devised the policy to which, for three hundred years, successive rulers of France have been compelled to adhere. We dislike, as a pure mistake in art, the side glance Mr. Motley is always throwing to see how his narrative bears upon the history of to-day; the analogies in which we sometimes fail to see any natural analogy. But he is always, even when over minute, vigorously alive, always aware that history was transacted by men and women, with wishes, fears, hopes, passions, and prejudices such as we have, differing from us, indeed, mainly in ideas. Kings and Queens with him are men and women, incidents events as real as if they were being related by "own correspondents," policies plans of life under which we ourselves might have been content to live, or against which we might have felt the impulse to die fighting. While the dramatic element in human affairs is never overdone, as, for instance, Lord Macaulay

* *History of the United Netherlands*. Vols. III. and IV. By J. L. Motley. London: Murray.

and Carlyle are apt to overdo it, it is never forgotten, never suppressed till human interest disappears in a mist of phrases. The reader finds men who previously were names suddenly become friends, events which were but half forgotten memories of reading, suddenly change into memories of his own life. He watches the actors in the scene not as phantoms, but as people, human beings in whom he has an acute interest, whose careers attract him even when they halt, whose fate can extort a throb of pleasure or pain even when it is not sensational, whose daily acts are as interesting as the daily acts of those among whom he lives. An occasional failure of perspective, of which the author himself seems once or twice to be conscious, is forgotten in the sense of intellectual security which Mr. Motley's lively minuteness inspires, and in the pleasure produced by the spectacle of incessantly moving incident. So well can Mr. Motley tell a story, that an incident like the capture of Breda excites as much emotion as if it had occurred during the Crimean war, and we study Maurice of Nassau as if he were the man whom, in some respects, he closely resembles, the Emperor of the French. Mr. Motley has given two large volumes to little more than ten years of the history of a small republic, but no reader will feel that it is too much, or tire of that grand contest in which the inhabitants of a few marshes defeated a power which half Europe believed to be the destined master of the world. It is the struggle of Freedom against Authority fought out by living human beings, and Englishmen will never weary of that tale.

We do not intend, of course, to criticize the history. To do that a critic must possess a knowledge of authorities equal to Mr. Motley's, and we do not possess it. Our own reading would lead us to the opinion that he has half unconsciously underrated the patriotism of Frenchmen at the end of the sixteenth century, and, therefore, exaggerated Philip II.'s chance of conquering France; that he has accepted too easily the monstrous story of Philip's plan to confirm his hold on France by marrying his own daughter, last of the race of Valois; and that he has under-estimated all through the religious — by which we mean the purely doctrinal — element in the conflict, treating it too much as a struggle between despotism and liberty. It was that, as it turned out, but we are by no means satisfied that either party ever realized that fact to themselves, or were aware that the political as well as the religious future of the world depended

on the issue of the combat. But those objections should be urged rather by historians than by critics. We shall do better service, if not to Mr. Motley or to history, still at least to our readers, by relating on his authority two stories out of about two hundred which he tells, which men have nearly forgotten, and which in his brilliant narrative have strangely impressed our own imagination.

Early in 1600, the States-General of the Netherlands, the Council of Burgess notables who possessed the actual sovereignty of the new Republic, resolved to assume the offensive, and if possible deprive the Spaniards, then represented by the Archduke Albert and his wife, Isabella of Spain, daughter of Philip II., of their control of the sea coast. They were worried by incessant forays and interruptions to trade, stimulated by an apparent lassitude among their own people, and hopeful that the "Archdukes" could not seriously resist, their Spanish and Italian troops being in open mutiny. The citizen statesmen considered that if they could seize Nieuport they would strike such a blow at the prestige of the Spaniards as — as — they did not exactly see what the blow would produce, — but they were resolved to strike it, and Prince Maurice, against his better judgment, consented to the design. An army of 13,600 veterans was rapidly collected, the Provinces being almost denuded of troops, and was supported by a fleet for that time immense, and the expedition, on the 1st of July, 1600, arrived before Nieuport. A broad creek close to the town at this time admitted heavy vessels, and across this creek Maurice threw two-thirds of his army, expecting it would seem to begin a regular siege. The Spanish power, however, was not dead. The "Archdukes," as Albert and his wife were called, made a final appeal to their mutinous soldiery, who responded with ardour, and at the head of a vastly superior force threw themselves right between Maurice and his base, Ostend. It was absolutely necessary to fight, and two-thirds of the army were across the haven, whence it would take hours to bring them back. Maurice therefore despatched his brother Ernest to arrest the march of the Archduke, while he himself brought the main body of his troops across. Ernest's men behaved badly, and news was brought to Maurice that his force had been cut to pieces, and that the Archduke, with 18,000 men, twice his own remaining army, was thundering upon him. His position seemed, except on one side, absolutely hopeless.

He could not fly to the west, for behind him lay the broad creek and the hostile fortress of Nieuport. He could not advance to the east, for there was the Archduke; he could not move southward, for that was to plunge into an utterly hostile territory, without means of communication, and with a superior force close upon him. There was, however, the sea, with the mighty fleet of the States-General, in which the army, having lost one-third of its men and all its prestige, might, if a few hours could be gained, ingloriously retreat. The credit of the States would be terribly damaged, the Provinces would probably be invaded, every enemy of the Republic would be in arms, but what help? Except an impossible victory and this retreat, there was no alternative. Maurice reflected on the whole situation, and without consulting any human being, *ordered the fleet to put to sea without a soldier on board.* He was of course obeyed, and Maurice, with his little army, barely half that of the enemy, were left to fight it out, the meanest soldier conscious that retreat had become hopeless, that he must either defeat the enemy or lie there:—

“Maurice of Nassau, in complete armour, rapier in hand, with the orange plumes waving from his helmet and the orange scarf across his breast, rode through the lines, briefly addressing his soldiers with martial energy. Pointing to the harbour of Nieuport behind them, now again impassable with the flood, to the ocean on the left where rode the fleet, carrying with it all hope of escape by sea, and to the army of the Archduke in front, almost within cannon range, he simply observed that they had no possible choice between victory and death. They must either utterly overthrow the Spanish Army, he said, or drink all the waters of the sea. Either drowning or butchery was their doom if they were conquered, for no quarter was to be expected from their unscrupulous and insolent foe. He was there to share their fate, to conquer or to perish with them, and from their tried valour and from the God of battles he hoped a more magnificent victory than had ever before been achieved in this almost perpetual war for independence. The troops, perfectly enthusiastic, replied with a shout that they were ready to live or die with their chieftain, and eagerly demanded to be led upon the foe. Whether from hope or from desperation they were confident and cheerful. Some doubt was felt as to the Walloons, who had so lately transferred themselves from the Archduke's Army, but their commander, Marquette, made them all lift up their hands, and swear solemnly to live or die that day at the feet of Prince Maurice.”

Nearly half the States' Army were Eng-

lishmen, commanded by Sir Francis Vere, and, as it proved, the main battle turned out a regular *mêlée*, a combat of hours with the short sword, in which pluck and endurance were far more important than skill, and after a day of such fighting that it seemed, as an observer said, that “the end of the world had come,” after the Spaniards had three times rallied to the charge, and a fourth of each army had perished, the army of the Archduke broke into helpless rout, and the Stadtholder, who throughout the day had been impassive as steel, fairly broke down. “Dismounting from his horse, he threw himself on his knees in the sand, and with streaming eyes and uplifted hands exclaimed, ‘O God! what are we human creatures, to whom Thou hast brought such honour, and to whom Thou hast vouchsafed such a victory?’” There is no reason to doubt, humanly speaking, that the cold, steady heroism which dismissed the fleet, made Holland forever a free State.

Turn we to another scene. The “Archdukes” are besieging Ostend, have been besieging it for two years, and have made no progress. The States-General are as resolute as they; thousands of men, fifty thousand at least, have fallen; there is no money to be had in Brussels; the Spaniards, as usual, are in mutiny, and the aristocracy of Europe flocks to the scene to witness war in its safest but most scientific form. Amongst them is a Genoese aristocrat, who knows nothing of war, but much of bills of exchange; a merchant prince, with a sad, intellectual face, fair hair and beard, a man who appears not to have been unlike another Genoese of a generation before, one Christopher Colon. Eighteen months the Genoese aristocrat lounged about the camp, and then transmitted to Madrid and urged at Brussels an astounding proposition. If the Archdukes made him Commander-in-Chief, he would negotiate their bills and he would take Ostend. He had never commanded a hundred men, never held a commission of any kind, and the veterans and professionals were furious with rage and scorn,—even doubted, for a day or so, whether this young upstart possessed decent physical courage. The Court of Madrid, however, wanted money dreadfully, and knew that the Genoese could get it; Isabella of Spain seems to have known a man when she saw one, and declared that he could take Ostend or nobody could; and to the utter disgust of the army, the calm, sweet-tempered daredevil who understood agio so well was appointed Commander-in-Chief, took Ostend house by house, brick by brick, till, when it

was surrendered, it was unrecognizable, and has sent his name down through the centuries as Marquis Spinola, engineer, artilleryman, statesman, and money-dealer, one of the foremost in each trade, one of that small group of Italians to whom alone, among the sons of men, every capacity seems to have been given. The purchase system never had such an apology, or martinetism such a rebuke. These two volumes are choked with such stories, with tales that read like romances, sketches of character as vivid as if they came out of novels, political "articles" — *vide* the account of the decline of Spain under Philip III. — as vigorous and as condensed as if they had been intended for quarterlies, but supported and justified by the research of years.

From The Spectator.

SQUATTING IN VICTORIA.

IT sometimes happens that the commonest circumstances of life in distant countries are scarcely realized at home, because they are too much matter of every-day experience to be spoken about. I doubt whether people in England appreciate the fact that the greater part of Australia is, in its natural state, for eight or nine months in the year almost entirely destitute of water. To a new comer it sounds strange to hear an up-country squatter remark that he has no water on his run yet, but he hopes he soon shall have. Although more rain falls in Victoria than in most parts of England during the year, there are hardly any springs, and few streams, except the large rivers, which are few and far between, which run for more than a few days after rain has ceased falling. Why the rain runs off so fast is not thoroughly explained, but it seems there is an incrustation of the subsoil which prevents the rain from penetrating to any depth. The creeks, as they are called, leave water-holes, some of which never dry up through the summer; but these, also, are far between; and so generally the first business of a squatter in new country is to construct tanks to receive the water from the roofs of his house and out-buildings, and the second is to build a dam from six to twenty feet high across the nearest hollow, — for almost every hollow is a water-course after heavy rain, — and in this way to make a reservoir containing water

enough for his sheep to drink all the year round, and be washed in at shearing time. A dam is as much an essential appendage to a station as a barn is to a farmyard.

Probably it is this absence of moisture in the ground, and consequently in the air also, which makes distant objects in Victoria so marvellously clear, and gives such peculiarly brilliant colour to the landscape where the conformation of the ground admits of a distant view. I never saw such brilliant colouring anywhere in Europe. It is the one redeeming feature, without which the scenery, except in the mountainous districts, would be tame and dreary enough. The country is seldom undulating, as in Tasmania. The trees are generally small, stunted, and diseased, except on the ranges; the plains are almost destitute of any trees at all, and vegetation is scanty, except in early spring-time. There is a great plain extending for nearly a hundred miles westward of Geelong almost without a break, so flat and (unlike the fen country in England) so destitute of trees or other objects high enough to break the line of the horizon, that at the height of a dozen feet from the ground you may any day see a hill, — and not a high hill, either, — full forty-five miles distant as the crow flies, looking not dim and misty, but a clearly defined blue patch upon the horizon. To most people there is something intolerably desolate and repulsive in such a plain. Even to those who are most fond of open country it must be depressing under certain circumstances, notably during a rainy fortnight in winter, or on a hot-wind day in summer. But there is something indescribably grand and enjoyable in the continual contemplation of so vast a landscape. When the sun is high it is an expanse of turf, green in winter and brown in summer; but as the afternoon advances, earth and sky become faintly purple, and crimson, and golden; the colours deepen from half-hour to half-hour, till the sun sinks into its bed of turf in a gorgeous blaze of splendour. There are several shallow lakes upon the plain, some very large, and most of them salt. Coming suddenly upon one of them one evening from behind some little sand-hills which concealed it, the margin for some hundred yards in width dry and coated with mud and brine, no human being or habitation visible, and the full brilliance of the setting sun lighting it up, the scene was (except for the absence of mountains in the distance) singularly like the landscape in Holman Hunt's picture of the "Scape-Goat." It is a pity that this kind

of scenery is spoiled by cultivation. Cut up into little pieces, a plain loses its vastness, while its monotony is increased.

It is a pleasant life to have a station up the country (but not too far up), at least for a man not over gregarious in his habits and tastes, and whose mind is not set on those pleasures of town life which seem to possess the greatest attractions for the majority of mankind. It may be ten or twenty miles to the next station, or nearest doctor, or post office, or church; and the owner of the next station may happen to be illiterate and uncongenial, the doctor generally intoxicated when sent for, and the post-mistress so lonely and dull that it is a necessity to her, poor thing! to read your letters and communicate their contents to her friends, but nobody thinks much of distance, there are plenty of horses, good or bad, and by going a little further afield you may be better suited. Then people journeying up the country drop in occasionally for a dinner and a night's lodging. If the visitor is at all presentable he is entertained with the best the house affords. If he is a stock-driver, or shepherd, or labourer, he is entertained at the overseer's or the men's hut. There are rather too many such visitors sometimes; nobody is ever turned away, and there are idle fellows pretending to be in search of work and refusing it when it is offered them, who go from station to station living upon the squatters. The house is generally comfortable enough nowadays, usually built of bluestone, and with only a ground floor, a single sitting-room and a great deal of broad verandah, which answers the purpose of a sitting room in fine weather. People are beginning to take pains with their gardens, and there is generally a fair supply of vegetables to help down the mutton. There is always good bread, and damper has long since vanished from civilized regions. Near the house is the overseer's cottage, and a little way off is the men's hut. The latter is usually only a log hut, made of boards; it contains two rooms, a day-room and a dormitory, and looks comfortless enough. The furniture is a bench or two, a table, and perhaps a wooden arm-chair; and in the dormitory the only beds are wooden bunks, like ships' berths, built against the wall in two tiers. The unmarried men about the station live here, perhaps half-a-dozen in all; the head of the establishment is the cook, whose business it is to keep the hut and prepare the food. In the old, rough days he needed to be a man able to hold his own and preserve discipline, and if necessary to prove himself

the better man against any one who complained of the dinner. He is generally butcher and baker to the whole station. At a short distance off is the woolshed, the most important and imposing building of all, where the sheep are shorn and the wool packed. And there are a few outlying shepherd's huts, each with its hutkeeper (unless the shepherd is married), whose only business is to cook and keep house for the shepherd, and occasionally lend a hand with the sheep pens. They all get good wages. The shepherds get from 40*l.* to 50*l.* a year, and the hutkeepers from 30*l.* to 40*l.*, and they get a sheep a week between two, and the other usual rations. Strange to say, the men do not seem to care for vegetables, and seldom take the trouble to make a garden, though they might have as much garden-ground as they liked for nothing.

There is not often very much to do except for two or three weeks at shearing time, when everything is once fairly set going. The toils and pleasures of stock-riding on cattle stations, of which we read in *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, are almost at an end in Victoria. For, alas! it is found more economical to divide the runs into paddocks by wire fences, and so to employ fewer shepherds or stock riders. And so, though you can see the place you want to ride to, or at any rate know in which direction to go, you must ask your way among the fences almost as if they were rows of houses. The black fellows, and the wild dogs, and, (except in thickly wooded districts, where they are as numerous as ever) even the kangaroos are gone, which is an unmixed advantage for the squatter, if not for idle and inquisitive friends who stay with him. Near a forest you may see scudding about little white clouds, which, on closer inspection, are discovered to be composed of white cockatoos; but their sentinel is generally too wary to let you get within shot, though you may get near enough to see them put up their yellow crests in disgust. Of sport there is not often much to be had. There may be some rabbits or a few quail. On the plains there are sometimes bustards, commonly called wild turkeys, and you may get a shot at one with a rifle now and then, especially if you drive after them, instead of walking or riding, for they do not expect hostilities from anything on wheels. Opossums are killed by thousands for their skins, generally by hunting them up trees after dark and shooting them there. But there is no sport to be got out of them; one might as well shoot a lamb, albeit indignant with them for scampering about the roof all night. I saw a large

brown one one day looking at me from a bough about ten feet off, apparently only waiting for an introduction to offer me his paw to shake. I tossed a bit of clay on to his back, to make him move. He only moved a yard higher up, and taking hold with one paw of a bough of the next tree, looked down with a countenance of mild reproach, as if meekly and generously affording me the opportunity to apologize before unwillingly quitting my society.

But a station is no bed of roses for a squatter's wife. Servants are difficult to get and to keep in the country, and especially when there are young children there is a good deal of work to be done by somebody. Then perhaps the shepherds' wives will not condescend to do any washing, and there is no one else to do it. What with hot winds, hard work, solitude, and anxiety, a wife transplanted from English luxury to the Bush has a hard life of it, and too soon begins to look old and worn. It is almost impossible for her to get any attention paid to the little luxuries and prettinesses of life. Perhaps the cook persists in throwing the sheep's bones into a heap just outside the garden gate; or nobody can be spared to bury the cow that died in the home paddock. To be sure, a hot wind is an effectual deodorizer, and there is only the look of the thing to be considered; but that is something, and I don't know anything that strikes a person fresh from home more than the number of carcasses he sees by the roadside everywhere.

The Squatter party has been for some years powerless in the Legislature. No squatter has a chance of being elected for the House of Assembly, and is derisively *bleated* at on the hustings if he offers himself as a candidate. Even in England I observe that a writer speaks contemptuously about their "great ideal" being to "cover the continent with sheep-walks." Surely, as regards all but a small proportion of the continent, this has been, and for some years to come will be, the ideal of every reasonable person, whether squatter or not. What else is to be done with the soil? Two or three hundred thousand acres, a block of land some twenty miles square, will grow more than enough wheat to feed the whole population in Victoria; for wheat may, on much of the land, be grown year after year without any rotation of crops, and, with the help of subsoil ploughing, without any present prospect of exhaustion. For the present, and till inland communication is much more developed, there is no chance of wheat being exported to any considerable extent,

unless in very exceptional years. As for the squatters, it is only fair to remember that the colony owes its origin and existence simply and solely to them. It was they who opened up the country and made it habitable. In their hands the land, if it does not produce much, steadily improves in quality. No doubt at first they got the use of it for a merely nominal payment, but nobody else wanted it at any price, and so they paid the market value. As it became more valuable, this payment was from time to time increased. Occasionally their stations were sold, and they had the power, if they had the means, of purchasing them, and becoming the absolute owners of what they had hitherto held on an uncertain tenure. If they had not the means, they had to submit to be turned out. All this was fair enough. Where land is plentiful enough, every one should have the opportunity of purchasing it. It may be that it was put up too slowly for the requirements of the growing population; but if so, the reaction was extreme. A cry was got up and fostered for party purposes that everybody ought to be a landowner; placards were posted along every road, stump orators vociferated, and there was a mania for getting land. From that time legislation has been unfairly directed against the squatters. Instead of the simple plan of putting up Crown land in small blocks to the highest bidder, which in the long run would have ensured its getting into the hands of the man who would get the most out of it, elaborate Land Acts have been passed, drawn with the intention of preventing the squatter from purchasing land at any price, even on his own run, and of parceling his run out to different purchasers without any regard to his rights of previous occupation.

Shortly, the procedure is as follows. The district is surveyed, and blocks of a square mile (640 acres) each mapped out. Notice is given that the blocks will be put up, and numbers apply for them, the applicants hoping, if they are lucky enough to get one, to make a good bargain of it somehow, though they may not have a shilling of capital to farm it with. Amongst the rest, the squatter on whose run the blocks are of course applies; and as amongst so many applicants his chance is small, he often increases it by engaging any one he can to make application ostensibly on his own account, but in fact as dummy for him, and with a view to his transfer of his interest to him should he obtain a selection. A ballot takes place on the appointed day, and the successful appli-

cants select each his block. The selector (or "Cockatoo," as he is nicknamed) thereupon obtains a seven years' lease of his 640 acres on the following terms. He is to pay a rent of one shilling per acre every half-year, in advance, to expend on improvements not less than 1*l.* per acre within three years, and to build a habitation on the land, and reside on it during his tenancy. He also covenants not to alienate for three years. If he fulfils these conditions, he has the option of purchasing at the end of three years at 1*l.* per acre. If he does so, therefore, he will have expended altogether 1472*l.*, besides what his stock, &c., may have cost him.

Clearly, therefore, a selector without any capital is practically a man "without ostensible means of subsistence." Yet the chance of the ballot brings many such, and how are they to live, except by stealing the squatters' sheep and preying upon him in various petty ways? Often a selector maybe a former servant of the squatter, discharged for misconduct, and then he has ample means of revênge. These additional annoyances are often worse than the original one of being deprived of large portions taken out of the midst of the best pasture. But at the best the squatter is put to the expense of fencing round the selector, or else letting his stock feed over the run. This alone costs about 55*l.* a mile, or 220*l.* for each selected block. And so he is often obliged to throw up his run altogether, or to endeavour to evade the Act and buy out the selector at all hazards. And the hazards are very great, for by the terms of his lease the selector is expressly interdicted from alienating, and so, if he be a rogue, may with impunity take the price and snap his fingers at the squatter, when at the end of the three years he demands the transfer of the land;—nay, it may be doubted whether, if he should die in the meantime, his executors (if they happen to be trustees) would be legally justified in making the transfer. And even if he be honest and anxious to carry out the bargain fairly, the squatter still runs a great risk, for though the latter can pay the rent and expend the 1*l.* per acre in improvements (probably a mere waste of money to him), he cannot perform the other condition of the lease, that of living on the land,—for he cannot live in two or three places at once,—and must trust to the forbearance of the Government Inspector to overlook this non-performance, otherwise the lease will be forfeited and his whole expenditure thrown away.

And so, as time goes on, the squatter of moderate means will be "civilized" off the face of Victoria. There will remain large blocks of land which were bought up by the more fortunate squatters and by rich speculators in the towns, and a chaos of smaller blocks, which will, no doubt, eventually be merged in the larger ones. Socially, I believe, it will be a change for the worse. The old-fashioned squatters were some of them sons of English gentlemen, with less wealth, but, on the whole, with more education and refinement than those who are succeeding them, and they fell naturally into a position and duties in some degree resembling those of country gentlemen at home. As for the "Cockatoos," they have little, if anything, to be grateful for to their patrons. The system is a temptation to embark in an undertaking in which three out of four have small chance of succeeding honestly. It is only in the neighbourhood of towns and markets that they are likely to do well. Already, though the last Act has hardly been three years in operation, a deputation of them has been to the Government, to petition for an abatement in the purchase-money, and declaring their inability to pay it. The present land laws savour of unjust class legislation, of tyranny of the majority over the minority. Yet so little confidence is placed in the present Legislative Assembly, that it is expected that any change which may be made will be for the worse. Democracy has made a bad beginning in Victoria. At this rate, what with bad legislation and the far worse and more fatal vice of corruption, it will be well if the word "democracy" does not in course of time earn for itself a *special* sense as derogatory as that which the word "tyranny" did in Greece of old.—I am, Sir, &c.,

WILD ASS.

A MASSACHUSETTS MAN.

THE "Life of Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts by his son, Edmund Quincy," just published by TICKNOR & FIELDS, is one of the most delightful of biographies. It is written with perfect temper and taste, without filial exaggeration, and with an unobtrusive and humorous quaintness of manner which will not be strange to those who are familiar with the shrewd wit of the author, who maintains both the honour and the

character of the name he bears. The narrative is continuous and skilful; and it is of the greatest interest and value, for Josiah Quincy's public life fell upon a time with which this generation is little familiar, and upon political contests in which those of our day had their origin.

Mr. Quincy went to Congress in 1805, and left it in 1813. During all that time he was one of the strictest Federalists. Carefully trained for public life, no man upon the floor was more independent, more incorruptible, more uncompromising, of deeper convictions, of a readier wit, or of a more flowing eloquence, than he. The chief question when he entered public life was the purchase of Louisiana. Mr Quincy approved of the purchase, but he earnestly opposed the introduction of the territory into the Union as a State without the express consent of the people of the old States at an election especially called. He believed that the consent would be given in the case of Louisiana, but that Jefferson, in the interest of slavery, wished to establish the principle that Congress alone might multiply States. In a letter to LEVI LINCOLN of the 30th August, 1803, Jefferson himself said: "Congress should do what is necessary in silence. I find but one opinion as to the necessity of shutting up the Constitution for some time." When the final question came up in Congress on the 14th of January, 1811, Mr. Quincy made a speech which is very famous. The slavery party always quoted it as the original declaration of the right of secession, and delighted to assert that it came from a New England blue-light Federalist. HILDRETH, in his history, confirms this view.

Mr. Quincy, in the opening of his speech, said that if the bill passed "the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved," and that it would be the right and duty of the States to prepare definitely for a separation, "amicably if they can, violently if they must." This is very unmistakable. The biographer, however, makes the distinction between this position and that of the slave-party afterward that Mr. Quincy did not assert that the Constitution itself granted the right of any State to withdraw from the Union; but that when the Constitution was violated in the interest of a section and against the welfare of the whole nation, the right of revolution might be invoked and each State resume its individual independence. It seems to us clear, however, that Mr. Quincy did not mean to declare the right of resort to revolution as usually understood, but to assert the disso-

lution of the Union by a violation of its terms. And that, of course, brings us to the old question, who shall decide? There is no doubt, however, that Mr. EDMUND QUINCY speaks truly when he says: "The secessionism of JOSIAH QUINCY was the vindication of the rights of freedom against the unconstitutional aggressions of slavery; that of JEFFERSON DAVIS the vindication of the rights of slavery against the constitutional restrictions of freedom."

When the war of 1812 was at hand Mr. QUINCY, although a Federalist, voted to make preparation for it, because he considered any war a less evil than the anti-commercial system of Jefferson. He made a noble and memorable speech for a navy. But he did not wish war. He wished only to remove the commercial restrictions and stand, if necessary, upon the defensive. Therefore he voted against the declaration of hostilities, and he wrote the address of the minority, which was the official argument of the Federalists against the war. The next year Mr. QUINCY opposed the invasion of Canada as "cruel, wanton, senseless, and wicked." The force and effectiveness of this speech were so great that Mr. Speaker HENRY CLAY came down from his chair to punish the ardent orator, and declared that he soiled the carpet on which he trod! This from HENRY CLAY to JOSIAH QUINCY is exquisite. Mr. QUINCY's retort was pungent and conclusive.

These politics of a past day have a peculiar freshness and timeliness in our own; and both the public story and the private society of the time are vividly touched by the biographer. What Mr. QUINCY was in Congress he was in every position to the end of his long and stainless life. The same energy, independence, purity, and large intelligence marked his whole career. He was eighty-nine years old when the rebellion began. But he was probably the least surprised man in the country. He had foreseen it and foretold it half a century before. Nobody knew the inherent necessity of the war more fully than he, and he lived to see its great consummation, in emancipation, although he died before LEE's surrender, on the first of July, 1864, in his ninety-third year. There are few finer figures in our history than JOSIAH QUINCY, nor ought any book to be more precious to every American than one which, like this, illustrates the triumphant career of a thoroughly honest, disciplined, and devoted American citizen.—*Harper's Weekly* (G. W. Curtis).

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

PETER STEINMARC had a cousin in a younger generation than himself, who lived in Nuremberg, and who was named Ludovic Valcarm. The mother of this young man had been Peter's first cousin, and when she died Ludovic had in some sort fallen into the hands of his relative the town-clerk. Ludovic's father was still alive; but he was a thriftless, aimless man, who had never been of service either to his wife or children, and at this moment no one knew where he was living, or what he was doing. No one knew, unless it was his son Ludovic, who never received much encouragement in Nuremberg to talk about his father. At the present moment, Peter Steinmarc and his cousin, though they had not actually quarrelled, were not on the most friendly terms. As Peter, in his younger days, had been clerk to old Tressel, so had Ludovic been brought up to act as clerk to Peter; and for three or four years the young man had received some small modicum of salary from the city chest, as a servant in the employment of the city magistrates. But of late Ludovic had left his uncle's office, and had entered the service of certain brewers in Nuremberg, who were more liberal in their views as to wages than were the city magistrates. Peter Steinmarc had thought ill of his cousin for making this change. He had been at the trouble of pointing out to Ludovic how he himself had in former years sat upon the stool in the office in the town-hall, from whence he had been promoted to the arm-chair; and had almost taken upon himself to promise that the good fortune of Ludovic should be as great as his own, if only Ludovic for the present would be content with the stool. But young Valcarm, who by this time was four-and-twenty, told his cousin very freely that the stool in the town-hall suited him no longer, and that he liked neither the work nor the wages. Indeed, he went further than this, and told his kinsman that he liked the society of the office as little as he did either the wages or the work. It may naturally be supposed that this was not said till there had been some unpleasant words spoken by the town-clerk to his assistant, — till the authority of the elder had been somewhat stretched over the head of the young man; but it may be supposed also that when such words had once been spoken, Peter Steinmarc did not again press Ludovic Valcarm to sit upon the official stool.

Ludovic had never lived in the garret of the red house as Peter himself had done. When the suggestion that he should do so had some years since been made to Madame Staubach, that prudent lady, foreseeing that Linda would soon become a young woman, had been unwilling to sanction the arrangement. Ludovic, therefore, had housed himself elsewhere, and had been free of the authority of the town-clerk when away from his office. But he had been often in his cousin's rooms, and there had grown up some acquaintance between him and aunt Charlotte and Linda. It had been very slight; — so thought aunt Charlotte. It had been as slight as her precautions could make it. But Ludovic, nevertheless, had spoken such words to Linda that Linda had been unable to answer him; and though Madame Staubach was altogether ignorant that such iniquity had been perpetrated, Peter Steinmarc had shrewdly guessed the truth.

Rumours of a very ill sort had reached the red house respecting Ludovic Valcarm. When Linda had interrogated Tetchen as to the nature of the things that were said of Ludovic in that conversation between Peter and Madame Staubach which Tetchen had overheard, she had not asked without some cause. She knew that evil things were said of the young man, and that evil words regarding him had been whispered by Peter into her aunt's ears; — that such whisperings had been going on almost ever since the day on which Ludovic had declined to return again to the official stool; and she knew, she thought that she knew, that such whisperings were not altogether undeserved. There was a set of young men in Nuremberg of whom it was said that they had a bad name among their elders, — that they drank spirits instead of beer, that they were up late at nights, that they played cards among themselves, that they were very unfrequent at any house of prayer, that they belonged to some turbulent political society which had, to the grief of all the old burghers, been introduced into Nuremberg from Munich, that they talked of women as women are talked of in Paris and Vienna and other strongholds of iniquity, and that they despised altogether the old habits and modes of life of their forefathers. They were known by their dress. They wore high round hats like chimney-pots, — such as were worn in Paris, — and satin stocks, and tight-fitting costly coats of fine cloth, and long pantaloons, and they carried little canes in their hands, and gave themselves airs, and were very unlike what the young

men of Nuremberg used to be. Linda knew their appearance well, and thought that it was not altogether unbecoming. But she knew also, — for she had often been so told, — that they were dangerous men, and she was grieved that Ludovic Valcarm should be among their number.

But now — now that her aunt had spoken to her of that horrid plan in reference to Peter Steinmarc, what would Ludovic Valcarm be to her? Not that he could ever have been anything. She knew that, and had known it from the first, when she had been unable to answer him with the scorn which his words had deserved. How could such a one as she be mated with a man so unsuited to her aunt's tastes, to her own modes of life, as Ludovic Valcarm? And yet she could have wished that it might be otherwise. For a moment once, — perhaps for moments more than once, — there had been ideas that no mission could be more fitting for such a one as she than that of bringing back to the right path such a young man as Ludovic Valcarm. But then, — how to begin to bring a young man back? She knew that she would not be allowed to accept his love; and now, — now that the horrid plan had been proposed to her, any such scheme was more impracticable, more impossible than ever. Ah, how she hated Peter Steinmarc as she thought of all this!

For four or five days after this, not a word was said to Linda by any one on the hated subject. She kept out of Peter Steinmarc's way as well as she could, and made herself busy through the house with an almost frantic energy. She was very good to her aunt, doing every behest that was put upon her, and going through her religious services with a zeal which almost seemed to signify that she liked them. She did not leave the house once except in her aunt's company, and restrained herself even from leaning over the wicket-gate and listening to the voice of Fanny Heisse. There were moments during these days in which she thought that her opposition to her aunt's plan had had the desired effect, and that she was not to be driven mad by the courtship of Peter Steinmarc. Surely five days would not have elapsed without a word had not the plan been deserted. If that were the case, how good would she be! If that were the case, she would resolve, on her aunt's behalf, to be very scornful to Ludovic Valcarm.

But though she had never gone outside the house without her aunt, though she had never even leaned on the front wicket, yet she had seen Ludovic. It had been no

fault of hers that he had spied her from the Ruden Platz, and had kissed his hand to her, and had made a sign to her which she had only half understood, — by which she had thought that he had meant to imply that he would come to her soon. All this came from no fault of hers. She knew that the centre warehouse in the Ruden Platz opposite belonged to the brewers, Sach Brothers, by whom Valcarm was employed. Of course it was necessary that the young man should be among the workmen, who were always moving barrels about before the warehouse, and that he should attend to his employers' business. But he need not have made the sign, or kissed his hand, when he stood hidden from all eyes but hers beneath the low dark archway; nor, for the matter of that, need her eyes have been fixed upon the gateway after she had once perceived that Ludovic was on the Ruden Platz.

What would happen to her if she were to declare boldly that she loved Ludovic Valcarm, and intended to become his wife, and not the wife of old Peter Steinmarc? In the first place, Ludovic had never asked her to be his wife; — but on that head she had almost no doubt at all. Ludovic would ask her quickly enough, she was very sure, if only he received sufficient encouragement. And as far as she understood the law of the country in which she lived no one could, she thought, prevent her from marrying him. In such case she would have a terrible battle with her aunt; but her aunt could not lock her up, nor starve her into submission. It would be very dreadful, and no doubt all good people, — all those whom she had been accustomed to regard as good, — would throw her over and point at her as one abandoned. And her aunt's heart would be broken, and the world, — the world as she knew it, — would pretty nearly collapse around her. Nevertheless she could do it. But were she to do so, would it not simply be that she would have allowed the Devil to get the victory, and that she would have given herself forever and ever, body and soul, to the evil one? And then she made a compact with herself, — a compact which she hoped was not a compact with Satan also. If they on one side would not strive to make her marry Peter Steinmarc, she on the other side would say nothing, not a word, to Ludovic Valcarm.

She soon learned, however, that she had not as yet achieved her object by the few words which she had spoken to her aunt. Those words had been spoken on a Monday. On the evening of the following Saturday

she sat with her aunt in their own room down-stairs, in the chamber immediately below that occupied by Peter Steinmarc. It was a summer evening in August, and Linda was sitting at the window, with some household needlework in her lap, but engaged rather in watching the warehouse opposite than in sedulous attention to her needle. Her eyes were fixed upon the little doorway, not expecting that any one would be seen there, but full of remembrance of the figure of him who had stood there and had kissed his hand. Her aunt, as was her wont on every Saturday, was leaning over a little table intent on some large book of devotional service, with which she prepared herself for the Sabbath. Close as was her attention now and always to the volume, she would not on ordinary occasions have allowed Linda's eyes to stray for so long a time across the river without recalling them by some sharp word of reproof; but on this evening she sat and read and said nothing. Either she did not see her niece, so intent was she on her good work, or else, seeing her, she chose, for reasons of her own, to be as one who did not see. Linda was too intent upon her thoughts to remember that she was sinning with the sin of idleness, and would have still gazed across the river had she not heard a heavy footstep in the room above her head, and the fall of a creaking shoe on the stairs, a sound which she knew full well, and stump, bump, dump, Peter Steinmarc was descending from his own apartments to those of his neighbours below him. Then immediately Linda withdrew her eyes from the archway, and began to ply her needle with diligence. And Madame Staubach looked up from her book, and became uneasy on her chair. Linda felt sure that Peter was not going out for an evening stroll, was not in quest of beer and a friendly pipe at the Rothe Ross. He was much given to beer and a friendly pipe at the Rothe Ross; but Linda knew that he would creep down-stairs somewhat softly when his mind was that way given; not so softly but what she would hear his steps and know whither they were wending; but now, from the nature of the sound, she was quite sure that he was not going to the inn which he frequented. She threw a hurried glance round upon her aunt, and was quite sure that her aunt was of the same opinion. When Herr Steinmarc paused for half a minute outside her aunt's door, and then slowly turned the lock, Linda was not a bit surprised; nor was Madame Staubach surprised. She closed her book with dignity,

and sat awaiting the address of her neighbour.

"Good evening, ladies," said Peter Steinmarc.

"Good evening, Peter," said Madame Staubach. It was many years now since these people had first known each other, and the town-clerk was always called Peter by his old friend. Linda spoke not a word of answer to her lover's salutation.

"It has been a beautiful summer day," said Peter.

"A lovely day," said Madame Staubach, "through the Lord's favour to us."

"Has the fraulein been out?" asked Peter.

"No; I have not been out," said Linda, almost savagely.

"I will go and leave you together," said Madame Staubach, getting up from her chair.

"No, aunt, no," said Linda. "Don't go away; pray, do not go away."

"It is fitting that I should do so," said Madame Staubach, as with one hand she gently pushed back Linda, who was pressing to the door after her. "You will stay, Linda, and hear what our friend will say; and remember, Linda, that he speaks with my authority, and with my heartfelt prayer that he may prevail."

"He will never prevail," said Linda. But neither Madame Staubach nor Peter Steinmarc heard what she said.

Linda had already perceived, perturbed as she was in her mind, that Herr Steinmarc had prepared himself carefully for this interview. He had brought a hat with him into the room, but it was not the hat which had so long been distasteful to her. And he had got on clean bright shoes, as large indeed as the old dirty ones, because Herr Steinmarc was not a man to sacrifice his corns for love; but still shoes that were decidedly intended to be worn only on occasions. And he had changed his ordinary woollen shirt for white linen, and had taken out his new brown frock-coat which he always wore on those high days in Nuremberg on which the magistrates appeared with their civic collars. But, perhaps, the effect which Linda noted most keenly was the debonaire fashion in which the straggling hairs had been disposed over the bald pate. For a moment or two a stranger might almost have believed that the pate was not bald.

"My dear young friend," began the town-clerk, "your aunt has, I think, spoken to you of my wishes." Linda muttered something, she knew not what. But though

her words were not intelligible, her looks were so, and were not of a kind to have been naturally conducive to much hope in the bosom of Herr Steinmarc. "Of course, I can understand, Linda, how much this must have taken you by surprise at first. But that surprise will wear off, and I trust that you may gradually come to regard me as your future husband without — without — without anything like fear, you know, or feelings of that kind." Still she did not speak. "If you become my wife, Linda, I will do my best to make you always happy."

"I shall never become your wife, never — never — never."

"Do not speak so decidedly as that, Linda."

"I must speak decidedly. I do speak decidedly. I can't speak any other way. You know very well, Herr Steinmarc, that you oughtn't to ask me. It is very wrong of you, and very wicked."

"Why is it wrong, Linda? Why is it wicked?"

"If you want to get married, you should marry some one as old as yourself."

"No, Linda, that is not so. It is always thought becoming that the man should be older than the wife."

"But you are three times as old as I am, and that is not becoming." This was cruel on Linda's part, and her words also were untrue. Linda would be twenty-one at her next birthday, whereas Herr Steinmarc had not yet reached his fifty-second birthday.

Herr Steinmarc was a man who had a temper of his own, and who was a little touchy on the score of age. Linda knew that he was touchy on the score of age, and had exaggerated her statement with a view of causing pain. It was probably some appreciation of this fact which caused Herr Steinmarc to continue his solicitations with more of authority in his voice than he had hitherto used. "I am not three times as old as you, Linda; but, whatever may be my age, your aunt, who has the charge of you, thinks that the marriage is a fitting one. You should remember that you cannot fly in her face without committing a great sin. I offer to you an honest household and a respectable position. As Madame Staubach thinks that you should accept them, you must know that you are wrong to answer me with scorn and ribaldry."

"I have not answered you with ribaldry. It is not ribaldry to say that you are an old man."

"You have answered me with scorn."

"I do scorn you, Herr Steinmarc, when you come to me pretending to make love like a young man, with your Sunday clothes on, and your hair brushed smooth, and your new shoes. I do scorn you. And you may go and tell my aunt that I say so, if you like. And as for being an old man, you are an old man. Old men are very well in their way, I daresay; but they shouldn't go about making love to young women."

Herr Steinmarc had not hoped to succeed on this his first personal venture; but he certainly had not expected to be received after the fashion which Linda had adopted towards him. He had, doubtless, looked very often into Linda's face, and had listened very often to the tone of her voice; but he had not understood what her face expressed, nor had he known what compass that voice would reach. Had he been a wise man, — a man wise as to his own future comfort, — he would have abandoned his present attempt after the lessons which he was now learning. But, as has before been said, he had a temper, and he was now angry with Linda. He was roused, and was disposed to make her know that, old as he was, and bald, and forced to wear awkward shoes, and to stump along heavily, still he could force her to become his wife and to minister to his wants. He understood it all. He knew what were his own deficiencies, and was as wide awake as was Linda herself to the natural desires of a young girl. Madame Staubach was, perhaps, equally awake, but she connected these desires directly with the Devil. Because it was natural that a young woman should love a young man, therefore, according to the religious theory of Madame Staubach, it was well that a young woman should marry an old man, so that she might then be crushed and made malleable, and susceptible of that teaching which tells us that all suffering in this world is good for us. Now Peter Steinmarc was by no means alive to the truth of such lessons as these. Religion was all very well. It was an outward sign of respectable life, — of a life in which men are trusted and receive comfortable wages, — and, beyond that, was an innocent occupation for enthusiastic women. But he had no idea that any human being was bound to undergo crushing in this world for his soul's sake. Had he not wished to marry Linda himself, it might be very well that Linda should marry a young man. But now that Linda so openly scorned him, had treated him with such plain-spoken contumely, he thought it would be

well that Linda should be crushed. Yes; and he thought also that he might probably find a means of crushing her.

"I suppose, Miss," he said, after pausing for some moments, "that the meaning of this is that you have got a young lover?"

"I have got no young lover," said Linda; "and if I had, why shouldn't I? What would that be to you?"

"It would be very much to me, if it be the young man I think. Yes, I understand; you blush now. Very well. I shall know now how to manage you;—or your aunt will know."

"I have got no lover," said Linda, in great anger; "and you are a very very wicked old man to say so."

"Then you had better receive me as your future husband. If you will be good and obedient, I will forgive the great unkindness of what you have said to me."

"I have not meant to be unkind, but I cannot have you for my husband. How am I to love you?"

"That will come."

"It will never come."

"Was it not unkind when you said that I was three times as old as you?"

"I did not mean to be unkind." Since the allusion which had been made to some younger lover, from which Linda had gathered that Peter Steinmarc must know something of Ludovic's passion for herself, she had been in part quelled. She was not able now to stand up bravely before her suitor and fight him as she had done at first with all the weapons which she had at her command. The man knew something which it was almost ruinous to her that he should know, something by which, if her aunt knew it, she would be quite ruined. How could it be that Herr Steinmarc should have learned anything of Ludovic's wild love? He had not been in the house,—he had been in the town-hall, sitting in his big official arm-chair,—when Ludovic had stood in the low-arched doorway and blown a kiss across the river from his hand. And yet he did know it; and knowing it, would of course tell her aunt! "I did not mean to be unkind," she said.

"You were very unkind."

"I beg your pardon then, Herr Steinmarc."

"Will you let me address you, then, as your lover?"

"Oh, no!"

"Because of that young man; is it?"

"Oh, no, no. I have said nothing to the young man—not a word. He is nothing to me. It is not that."

"Linda, I see it all. I understand everything now. Unless you will promise to give him up, and do as your aunt bids you, I must tell your aunt everything."

"There is nothing to tell."

"Linda!"

"I have done nothing. I can't help any young man. He is only over there because of the brewery." She had told all her secret now. "He is nothing to me, Herr Steinmarc, and if you choose to tell aunt Charlotte, you must. I shall tell aunt Charlotte that if she will let me keep out of your way, I will promise to keep out of his. But if you come, then—then—then—I don't know what I may do." After that she escaped, and went away back into the kitchen, while Peter Steinmarc stumped up again to his own room.

"Well, my friend, how has it gone?" said Madame Staubach, entering Peter's chamber, at the door of which she had knocked.

"I have found out the truth," said Peter, solemnly.

"What truth?" Peter shook his head, not despondently so much as in dismay. The thing which he had to tell was so very bad! He felt it so keenly, not on his own account so much as on account of his friend! All that was expressed by the manner in which Peter shook his head. "What truth have you found out, Peter? tell me at once," said Madame Staubach.

"She has got a—lover."

"Who? Linda? I do not believe it."

"She has owned it. And such a lover!" Whereupon Peter Steinmarc lifted up both his hands.

"What lover? Who is he? How does she know him, and when has she seen him? I cannot believe it. Linda has never been false to me."

"Her lover is—Ludovic Valcarm."

"Your cousin?"

"My cousin Ludovic—who is a good-for-nothing, a spendthrift, a fellow without a florin, a fellow that plays cards on Sundays."

"And who fears neither God nor Satan," said Madame Staubach. "Peter Steinmarc, I do not believe it. The child can hardly have spoken to him."

"You had better ask her, Madame Staubach." Then with some exaggeration Peter told Linda's aunt all that he did know, and something more than all that Linda had confessed; and before their conversation was over they had both agreed that, let these tidings be true in much or little, or true not at all, every exertion should be

used to force Linda into the proposed marriage with as little delay as possible.

"I overheard him speaking to her out of the street window, when they thought I was out," said the town-clerk in a whisper before he left Madame Staubach. "I had to come back home for the key of the big chest, and they never knew that I had been in the house." This had been one of the occasions on which Linda had been addressed, and had wanted breath to answer the bold young man who had spoken to her.

CHAPTER IV.

On the following morning, being Sunday morning, Linda positively refused to get up at the usual hour, and declared her intention of not going to church. She was, she said, so ill that she could not go to church. Late on the preceding evening Madame Staubach, after she had left Peter Steinmare, had spoken to Linda of what she had heard, and it was not surprising that Linda should have a headache on the following morning. "Linda," Madame Staubach said, "Peter has told me that Ludovic Valcarm has been — making love to you. Linda, is this true?" Linda had been unable to say that it was not true. Her aunt put the matter to her in a more cunning way than Steinmare had done, and Linda felt herself unable to deny the charge. "Then let me tell you, that of all the young women of whom I ever heard, you are the most deceitful," continued Madame Staubach.

"Do not say that, aunt Charlotte; pray, do not say that."

"But I do say it. Oh, that it should have come to this between you and me!"

"I have not deceived you. Indeed I have not. I don't want to see Ludovic again; never, if you do not wish it. I haven't said a word to him. Oh, aunt, pray believe me. I have never spoken a word to him; — in the way of what you mean."

"Will you consent to marry Peter Steinmare?" Linda hesitated a moment before she answered. "Tell me, Miss; will you promise to take Peter Steinmare as your husband?"

"I cannot promise that, aunt Charlotte."

"Then I will never forgive you, — never. And God will never forgive you. I did not think it possible that my sister's child should have been so false to me."

"I have not been false to you," said Linda through her tears.

"And such a terrible young man, too;

one who drinks, and gambles, and is a rebel; one of whom all the world speaks ill; a penniless spendthrift, to whom no decent girl would betroth herself. But, perhaps, you are to be his light-of-love!"

"It is a shame, — a great shame, — for you to say — such things," said Linda, sobbing bitterly. "No, I won't wait, I must go. I would sooner be dead than hear you say such things to me. So I would. I can't help it, if it's wicked. You make me say it." Then Linda escaped from the room, and went up to her bed; and on the next morning she was too ill either to eat her breakfast or go to church.

Of course she saw nothing of Peter on that morning; but she heard the creaking of his shoes as he went forth after his morning meal, and I fear that her good wishes for his Sunday work did not go with him on that Sabbath morning. Three or four times her aunt was in her room, but to her aunt Linda would say no more than that she was sick and could not leave her bed. Madame Staubach did not renew the revilings which she had poured forth so freely on the preceding evening, partly influenced by Linda's headache, and partly, perhaps, by a statement which had been made to her by Tetchen as to the amount of love-making which had taken place. "Lord bless you, ma'am, in any other house than this it would go for nothing. Over at Jacob Heisse's, among his girls, it wouldn't even have been counted at all, — such a few words as that: Just the compliments of the day, and no more." Tetchen could not have heard it all, or she would hardly have talked of the compliments of the day. When Ludovic had told Linda that she was the fairest girl in all Nuremberg, and that he never could be happy, not for an hour, unless he might hope to call her his own, even Tetchen, whose notions about young men were not over strict, could not have taken such words as simply meaning the compliments of the day. But there was Linda sick in bed, and this was Sunday morning, and nothing further could be said or done on the instant. And, moreover, such love-making as had taken place did in truth seem to have been perpetrated altogether on the side of the young man. Therefore it was that Madame Staubach spoke with a gentle voice as she prescribed to Linda some pill or potion that might probably be of service, and then went forth to her church.

Madame Staubach's prayers on a Sunday morning were a long affair. She usually left the house a little after ten, and did not return till past two. Soon after she was gone,

on the present occasion, Tetchen came up to Linda's room, and expressed her own desire to go to the Frauenkirche, — for Tetchen was a Roman Catholic. "That is, if you mean to get up, Miss, I'll go," said Tetchen. Linda, turning in her bed, thought that her head would be better now that her aunt was gone, and promised that she would get up. In half an hour she was alone in the kitchen down-stairs, and Tetchen had started to the Frauenkirche, — or to whatever other place was more agreeable to her for the occupation of her Sunday morning.

It was by no means an uncommon occurrence that Linda should be left alone in the house on some part of the Sunday, and she would naturally have seated herself with a book at the parlour window as soon as she had completed what little there might be to be done in the kitchen. But on this occasion there came upon her a feeling of desolateness as she thought of her present condition. Not only was she alone now, but she must be alone for ever. She had no friend left. Her aunt was estranged from her. Peter Steinmarc was her bitterest enemy. And she did not dare even to think of Ludovic Valcarm. She had sauntered now into the parlour, and, as she was telling herself that she did not dare to think of the young man, she looked across the river, and there he was standing on the water's edge.

She retreated back in the room, — so far back that it was impossible that he should see her. She felt quite sure that he had not seen her as yet, for his back had been turned to her during the single moment that she had stood at the window. What should she do now? She was quite certain that he could not see her, as she stood far back in the room, within the gloom of the dark walls. And then there was the river between him and her. So she stood and watched, as one might watch a coming enemy, or a lover who was too bold. There was a little punt or raft moored against the bank just opposite to the gateway of the warehouse, which often lay there, and which, as Linda knew, was used in the affairs of the brewery. Now, as she stood watching him, Ludovic stepped into the punt without unfastening it from the ring, and pushed the loose end of it across the river as far as the shallow bottom would allow him. But still there was a considerable distance between him and the garden of the red house, a distance so great that Linda felt that the water made her safe. But there was a pole in the boat, and Linda saw the young man take up the pole and

prepare for a spring, and in a moment he was standing in the narrow garden. As he landed, he flung the pole back into the punt, which remained stranded in the middle of the river. Was ever such a leap seen before? Then she thought how safe she would have been from Peter Steinmarc, had Peter Steinmarc been in the boat.

What would Ludovic Valcarm do next? He might remain there all day before she would go to him. He was now standing under the front of the centre gable, and was out of Linda's sight. There was a low window close to him where he stood, which opened from the passage that ran through the middle of the house. On the other side of this passage, opposite to the parlour which Madame Staubach occupied, was a large room not now used, and filled with lumber. Linda, as soon as she was aware that Ludovic was in the island, within a few feet of her, and that something must be done, retreated from the parlour back into the kitchen, and, as she went, thoughtfully drew the bolt of the front door. But she had not thought of the low window into the passage, which in these summer days was always opened, nor, if she had thought of it, could she have taken any precaution in that direction. To have attempted to close the window would have been to throw herself into the young man's arms. But there was a bolt inside the kitchen door, and that she drew. Then she stood in the middle of the room listening. Had this been a thief who had come when she was left in charge of the house, is it thus she would have protected her own property and her aunt's? It was no thief. But why should she run from this man whom she knew, — whom she knew and would have trusted had she been left to her own judgment of him? She was no coward. Were she to face the man, she would fear no personal danger from him. He would offer her no insult, and she thought that she could protect herself, even were he to insult her. It was not that that she feared, — but that her aunt should be able to say that she had received her lover in secret on this Sunday morning, when she had pretended that she was too ill to go to church!

She was all ears, and could hear that he was within the house. She had thought of the window the moment that she had barred the kitchen door, and knew that he would be within the house. She could hear him knock at the parlour door, and then enter the parlour. But he did not stay there a moment. Then she heard him at the foot of the stair, and with a low voice he called

to her by her name. "Linda, are you there?" But, of course, she did not answer him. It might be that he would fancy that she was not within the house and would retreat. He would hardly intrude into their bedrooms; but it might be that he would go as far as his cousin's apartments. "Linda," he said again, — Linda, I know that you are in the house." That wicked Tetchen! It could not be but that Tetchen had been a traitor. He went three or four steps up the stairs, and then, bethinking himself of the locality, came down again and knocked at once at the kitchen door. "Linda," he said, when he found that the door was barred, — "Linda, I know that you are here."

"Go away," said Linda. "Why have you come here? You know that you should not be here."

"Open the door for one moment, that you may listen to me. Open the door, and I will tell you all. I will go instantly when I have spoken to you, Linda; I will indeed."

Then she opened the door. Why should she be a barred-up prisoner in her own house? What was there that she need fear? She had done nothing that was wrong, and would do nothing wrong. Of course, she would tell her aunt. If the man would force his way into the house, climbing in through an open window, how could she help it? If her aunt chose to misbelieve her, let it be so. There was need now that she should call upon herself for strength. All heaven and earth together should not make her marry Peter Steinharc. Nor should earth and the evil one combined make her give herself to a young man after any fashion that should disgrace her mother's memory or her father's name. If her aunt doubted her, the sorrow would be great, but she must bear it. "You have no right here," she said as soon as she was confronted with the young man. "You know that you should not be here. Go away."

"Linda, I love you."

"I don't want your love."

"And now they tell me that my cousin Peter is to be your husband."

"No, no. He will never be my husband."

"You will promise that?"

"He will never be my husband."

"Thanks, dearest; a thousand thanks for that. But your aunt is his friend. Is it not true?"

"Of course she is his friend."

"And would give you to him?"

"I am not hers to give. I am not to be given away at all. I choose to stay as I am. I wish you would go away. You know that you are very wicked to be here; but I believe you want to get me into trouble."

"Oh, Linda!"

"Then go. If you wish me to forgive you, go instantly."

"Say that you love me, and I will be gone at once."

"I will not say it."

"And do you not love me, — a little? Oh, Linda, you are so dear to me!"

"Why do you not go? They tell me evil things of you, and now I believe them. If you were not very wicked you would not come upon me here, in this way, when I am alone, doing all that you possibly can to make me wretched."

"I would give all the world to make you happy."

"I have never believed what they said of you. I always thought that they were ill-natured and prejudiced, and that they spoke falsehoods. But now I shall believe them. Now I know that you are very wicked. You have no right to stand here. Why do you not go when I bid you?"

"But you forgive me?"

"Yes, if you go now, — at once."

Then he seized her hand and kissed it. "Dearest Linda, remember that I shall always love you; always be thinking of you; hoping that you will some day love me a little. Now I am gone."

"But which way?" said Linda — "you cannot jump back to the boat. The pole is gone. At the door they will see you from the windows."

"Nobody shall see me. God bless you, Linda." Then he again took her hand, though he did not, on this occasion, succeed in raising it as far as his lips. After that he ran down the passage, and, having glanced each way from the window, in half a minute was again in the garden. Linda, of course, hurried into the parlour, that she might watch him. In another half minute he was down over the little wall, into the river, and in three strides had gained the punt. The water, in truth, on that side was not much over his knees; but Linda thought he must be very wet. Then she looked round, to see if there were any eyes watching him. As far as she could see, there were no eyes.

Linda, when she was alone, was by no means contented with herself; and yet there was a sort of joy at her heart which she could not explain to herself, and of

which, being keenly alive to it, she felt in great dread. What could be more wicked, more full of sin, than receiving, on a Sunday morning, a clandestine visit from a young man, and such a young man as Ludovic Valcarm? Her aunt had often spoken to her, with fear and trembling, of the mode of life in which their neighbours opposite lived. The daughters of Jacob Heisse were allowed to dance, and talk, and flirt, and, according to Madame Staubach, were living in fearful peril. For how much would such a man as Jacob Heisse, who thought of nothing but working hard, in order that his four girls might always have fine dresses, — for how much would he be called upon to answer in the last day? Of what comfort would it be to him then that his girls, in this foolish vain world, had hovered about him, bringing him his pipe and slippers, filling his glass stoup for him, and kissing his forehead as they stood over his easy-chair in the evening? Jacob Heisse and his daughters had ever been used as an example of wordly living by Madame Staubach. But none of Jacob Heisse's girls would ever have done such a thing as this. They flirted, indeed; but then they did it openly, under their father's nose. And Linda had often heard the old man joke with his daughters about their lovers. Could Linda joke with any one touching this visit from Ludovic Valcarm?

And yet there was something in it that was a joy to her, — a joy which she could not define. Since her aunt had been so cruel to her, and since Peter had appeared before her as her suitor, she had told herself that she had no friend. Heretofore she had acknowledged Peter as her friend, in spite of his creaking shoes and objectionable hat. There was old custom in his favour, and he had not been unkind to her as an inmate of the same house with him. Her aunt she had loved dearly; but now her aunt's cruelty was so great that she shuddered as she thought of it. She had felt herself to be friendless. Then this young man had come to her; and though she had said to him all the hard things of which she could think because of his coming, yet — yet — yet she liked him because he had come. Was any other young man in Nuremberg so handsome? Would any other young man have taken that leap, or have gone through the river, that he might speak one word to her, even though he were to have nothing in return for the word so spoken? He had asked her to love him, and she had refused; — of course she had refused; — of course he had known that she would refuse. She

would sooner have died than have told him that she loved him. But she thought she did love him — a little. She did not so love him but what she would give him up, — but what she would swear never to set eyes upon him again, if, as part of such an agreement, she might be set free from Peter Steinmarc's solicitations. That was a matter of course, because, without reference to Peter, she quite acknowledged that she was not free to have a lover of her own choice, without her aunt's consent. To give up Ludovic would be a duty, — a duty which she thought she could perform. But she would not perform it unless as part of a compact. No; let them look to it. If duty was expected from her, let duty be done to her. Then she sat thinking, and as she thought she kissed her own hand where Ludovic had kissed it.

The object of her thoughts was this; — what should she do now, when her aunt came home? Were she at once to tell her aunt all that had occurred, that comparison which she had made between herself and the Heisse girls, so much to her own disfavour, would not be a true comparison. In that case she would have received no clandestine young man. It could not be imputed to her as a fault, — at any rate not imputed by the justice of heaven, — that Ludovic Valcarm had jumped out of a boat and got in at the window. She could put herself right, at any rate, before any just tribunal, simply by telling the story truly and immediately. "Aunt Charlotte, Ludovic Valcarm has been here. He jumped out of a boat and got in at the window, and followed me into the kitchen, and kissed my hand, and swore he loved me, and then he scrambled back through the river. I couldn't help it; — and now you know all about it." The telling of such a tale as that would, she thought, be the only way of making herself quite right before a just tribunal. But she felt, as she tried the telling of it to herself, that the task would be very difficult. And then her aunt would only half believe her, and would turn the facts, joined, as they would be, with her own unbelief, into additional grounds for urging on this marriage with Peter Steinmarc. How can one plead one's cause justly before a tribunal which is manifestly unjust, — which is determined to do injustice?

Moreover, was she not bound to secrecy? Had not secrecy been implied in that forgiveness which she had promised to Ludovic as the condition of his going? He had accepted the condition and gone. After that, would she not be treacherous to betray him?

Why was it that at this moment it seemed to her that treachery to him, — to him who had treated her with such arrogant audacity, — would be of all guilt the most guilty? It was true that she could not put herself right without telling of him; and not to put herself right in this extremity would be to fall into so deep a depth of wrong! But any injury to herself would now be better than treachery to him. Had he not risked much in order that he might speak to her that one word of love? But, for all that, she did not make up her mind for a time. She must be governed by things as they went.

Tetchen came home first, and to Tetchen, Linda was determined that she would say not a word. That Tetchen was in communication with young Valcarm she did not doubt, but she would not tell the servant what had been the result of her wickedness. When Tetchen came in, Linda was in the kitchen, but she went at once into the parlour, and there awaited her aunt. Tetchen had bustled in, in high good-humour, and had at once gone to work to prepare for the Sunday dinner. "Mr. Peter is to dine with you to-day, Linda," she had said; "your aunt thinks there is nothing like making one family of it." Linda had left the kitchen without speaking a word, but she had fully understood the importance of the domestic arrangement which Tetchen had announced. No stranger ever dined at her aunt's table; and certainly her aunt would have asked no guest to do so on a Sunday but one whom she intended to regard as a part of her own household. Peter Steinmare was to be one of them, and therefore might be allowed to eat his dinner with them even on the Sabbath.

Between two and three her aunt came in, and Peter was with her. As was usual on Sundays, Madame Staubach was very weary, and, till the dinner was served, was unable to do much in the way of talking. Peter went up into his own room to put away his hat and umbrella, and then, if ever, would have been the moment for Linda to have told her story. But she did not tell it then. Her aunt was leaning back in her accustomed chair, with her eyes closed, as was often her wont, and Linda knew that her thoughts were far away, wandering in another world, of which she was ever thinking, living in a dream of bliss with singing angels, — but not all happy, not all sure, because of the danger that must intervene. Linda could not break in, at such a time as this, with her story of the young man and his wild leap from the boat.

And certainly she would not tell her story before Peter Steinmare. It should go untold to her dying day before she would whisper a word of it in his presence. When they sat round the table, the aunt was very kind in her manner to Linda. She had asked after her headache, as though nothing doubting the fact of the ailment; and when Linda had said that she had been able to rise almost as soon as her aunt had left the house, Madame Staubach expressed no displeasure. When the dinner was over, Peter was allowed to light his pipe, and Madame Staubach either slept or appeared to sleep. Linda seated herself in the furthest corner of the room, and kept her eyes fixed upon a book. Peter sat and smoked with his eyes closed, and his great big shoes stuck out before him. In this way they remained for an hour. Then Peter got up and expressed his intention of going out for a stroll in the Nonnen Garten. Now the Nonnen Garten was close to the house, — to be reached by a bridge across the river, not fifty yards from Jacob Heisse's door. Would Linda go with him? But Linda declined.

"You had better, my dear," said Madame Staubach, seeming to wake from her sleep. "The air will do you good."

"Do, Linda," said Peter; and then he intended to be very gracious in what he added. "I will not say a word to tease you, but just take you out, and bring you back again."

"I am sure, it being the Sabbath, he would say nothing of his hopes to-day," said Madame Staubach.

"Not a word," said Peter, lifting up one hand in token of his positive assurance.

But, even so assured, Linda would not go with him, and the town-clerk went off alone. Now, again, had come the time in which Linda could tell the tale. It must certainly be told now or never. Were she to tell it now she could easily explain why she had been silent so long; but were she not to tell it now, such explanation would ever afterwards be impossible. "Linda, dear, will you read to me?" said her aunt. Then Linda took up the great Bible. "Turn to the eighth and ninth chapters of Isaiah, my child." Linda did as she was bidden, and read the two chapters indicated. After that, there was a silence for a few minutes, and then the aunt spoke. "Linda, my child."

"Yes, aunt Charlotte."

"I do not think you would willingly be false to me." Then Linda turned away

her face, and was silent. "It is not that the offence to me would be great, who am, as we all are, a poor weak misguided creature; but that the sin against the Lord is so great, seeing that He has placed me here as

your guide and protector." Linda made no promise in answer to this, but even then she did not tell the tale. How could she have told it at such a moment? But the tale must now go untold forever!

From the Spectator.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.*

WE are not at all disposed to fire off the special criticism at Mr. Holmes's story which he anticipates in his preface and, very conclusively as we think, replies to. The subject of the story is the same which almost all New England authors of the highest ability are so fond of treating, — the physiological side of character, those traits in character which connect the individual with his organization, or with the organization of those from whom he or she is descended. Mr. Holmes anticipates that some persons may be so foolish as to object that tales of this sort, on the physical conditions within which individual freedom moves, are calculated to throw a slur on the doctrine of moral responsibility altogether; to which he replies very justly that you might just as well hold men responsible for that part of their nervous action which is known as the reflex action, the utterly unconscious and involuntary part, as for the pressure of certain inherited physical conditions on their self-determining power. All men are partly free and partly creatures of the past. To quarrel with a special study of the mode of their dependence on the past, on the ground that it impeaches their moral responsibility, is neither more nor less silly than to quarrel with a special study of their free moulding of their own lives, on the ground that it makes light of their dependence on the historical conditions under which they live. Mr. Holmes says that both *Elsie Venner* and this story might have been somewhat pedantically called "Studies of the Reflex Function in its Higher Sphere." Perhaps this title might legitimately apply to the

present tale. But *Elsie Venner* was rather a bold fancy as to what the effect of a special infusion of the animal nature of a serpent, caused by a physical inoculation with the poison of the serpent, *might* be, than a study of the actual effect of any ordinary physiological influences. Hawthorne and Holmes and many other characteristic American writers are constantly occupied with discussing the new possibilities of various physical inoculations on the moral nature of man, but though this may be a perfectly legitimate subject for the play of a weird fancy in purely imaginative works, they have scarcely a right to class themselves with a department of study so strictly scientific as the study of "reflex action" in the higher sphere of character. But the present tale, all the elements of which might have been, and many of which, as Mr. Holmes tells us, *were*, taken from real life, has a better right to such a name than a physiological and psychological experiment made with the imagination only. Mr. Holmes's idea is to bring out how, in one person, all the most marked elements of ancestry may assert themselves successively, almost in accordance with the old notion of metempsychosis, — so that each in turn lives again in his heroine for a short space of time, in the period before her character gains its own true consistency and individuality. The vision which may be said to concentrate the idea of the book is, Mr. Holmes tells us, not far from a real transcript of a real person's experience. The heroine, Myrtle Hazard, is floating down a river at night, alone in a boat in which she has escaped from the home where she was miserable. In passing through a part of the country called the Witches' Hollow, she has a strange dream or trance, in which she sees the forms well known to her as those of some of her ancestors (familiar from the pictures on the walls of her old

* *The Guardian Angel*. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 2 vols. London: Sampson, Low, Son, & Marston.

home) congregating about her, and crying for leave to breathe the air of earth again through her body:—

"I heard a faint rustling sound, and on looking up I saw many figures moving around me, and I seemed to see myself among them as if I were outside of myself. The figures did not walk, but slid or glided with an even movement, as if without any effort. They made many gestures, and seemed to speak, but I cannot tell whether I *heard* what they said, or knew its meaning in some other way. I knew the faces of some of these figures. They were the same as I have seen in portraits, as long as I can remember, at the old house where I was brought up, called *The Poplars*. I saw my father and my mother as they look in the two small pictures; also my grandmother, and her father and mother and grandfather, and one other person, who lived a great while ago. All of these have been long dead, and the longer they had been dead the less like substance they looked and the more like shadows, so that the oldest was like one's breath of a frosty morning, but shaped like the living figure. There was no motion of their breasts, and their lips seemed to be moving, as if they were saying, *Breath! Breath! Breath!* I thought they wanted to breathe the air of this world again in my shape, which I seemed to see as it were empty of myself and of these other selves, like a sponge that has water pressed out of it. Presently it seemed to me that I returned to myself, and then those others became part of me by being taken up, one by one, and so lost in my own life. My father and mother came up, hand in hand, looking more real than any of the rest. Their figures vanished, and they seemed to have become a part of me; for I felt at once the longing to live over the life they had led, on the sea and in strange countries. Another figure was just like the one we called the Major, who was a very strong, hearty-looking man, and who was said to have drunk hard sometimes, though there is nothing about it on his tombstone, which I used to read in the graveyard. It seemed to me that there was something about his life that I did not want to make a part of mine, but that there was some right he had in me through my being of his blood, and so his health and his strength went all through me, and I was always to have what was left of his life in that shadow-like shape, forming a portion of mine. So in the same way with the shape answering to the portrait of that famous beauty who was the wife of my great-grandfather, and used to be called the *Pride of the County*. And so, too, with another figure which had the face of that portrait marked on the back, *Ruth Bradford*, who married one of my ancestors, and was before the court, as I have heard, in the time of the witchcraft trials. There was with the rest a dark, wild-looking woman, with a head-dress of feathers. She kept as it were in shadow, but I saw something of my own features in her face.

It was on my mind very strongly that the shape of that woman of our blood who was burned long ago by the Papists came very close to me, and was in some way made one with mine, and that I feel her presence with me since, as if she lived again in me; but not always—only at times—and then I feel borne up as if could do anything in the world. I had a feeling as if she were my guardian and protector. It seems to me that these, and more, whom I have not mentioned, do really live over some part of their past lives in my life. I do not understand it all, and perhaps it can be accounted for in some way I have not thought of. I write it down as nearly as I can give it from memory, by request, and if it is printed at this time had rather have all the real names withheld.—MYRTLE HAZARD."

To work out this idea is Mr. Holmes's professed object in the story before us, and he does it without any risk at all to the principle of personal responsibility. We cannot say that the artistic working out of the idea is equally free from objection. Indeed, we doubt exceedingly whether analysis of the kind Mr. Holmes attempts is a proper subject for a work of art. You can scarcely combine the analytical process of unravelling the constituent threads of character, with the artistic process of delineating it in its living form. Had he simply attempted to make Myrtle Hazard's growth of character visible to us, and, in order to assist us in seeing it, glanced at the aspects in which she successively resembled her various ancestors, there would have been nothing in the central idea at all inconsistent with a perfect fiction. But he has made the analysis of Myrtle's character into its ancestral elements so much his first point that he has failed altogether in the main duty of the artist,—that of realizing to his readers the unity and moral individuality of his heroine's character. We see her best, and see her somewhat vividly, as a rebellious child, resisting her aunt Silence's narrow and despotic scheme of education. We recognize her again for a moment at the crisis when the Indian blood in her veins is supposed to flash out,—when dressed in the *tableau vivant* as Pocahontas, one of her schoolfellows in a fit of envy attempts to snatch from her head the wreath which had been thrown to her, and she, transported with passion, feels a momentary impulse to plunge the dagger into her schoolfellow's heart. But in all the other metamorphoses through which her character passes in obedience to the ancestral law of transmitted characteristics, we can only say that we completely fail to see any moral unity or

identity with the other phases of character portrayed. We do not in the least deny that they are reconcilable with Mr. Holmes's idea. There is nothing at all intrinsically incompatible between the Myrtle depicted in childhood, and the rather common-place beauty depicted in youth, but Mr. Holmes was bound not merely to make us admit that they *might* be reconciled, but to make us see and realize the continuity and identity, — which he does not do. He has analyzed the character so effectually that he never really reconstructs it again. He leaves great imaginative gaps between the various phases which he takes no pains to bridge over. Myrtle Hazard's personal unity remains a mere *ipse dixit* of the author. To the reader she appears only, what Mr. Holmes wished to insist on, a successive embodiment of different persons not adequately woven together into a single character. Almost every character in the book except the still dimmer hero, Clement Lindsay, is better painted as a continuous conception than the heroine on whose mixture of hereditary qualities the story turns. The happiest stroke of art in Mr. Holmes's picture of her is the device of bringing the aged physician to her bedside who has watched the constitution of so many of her ancestors, and whose memory wanders almost helplessly among the various generations, while his judgment is quite clear as to the particular symptoms of her case. This was an ingenious and very happy device for making the reader realize by a glance into the mirror of a medical experience extending over several generations, how truly the physical characteristics of the ancestors reproduce themselves in the posterity. But the idea of the book is certainly, on the whole, worked out with little art, though with much subtlety and ingenuity of thought.

Some of the minor sketches of the book are very clever, especially Gifted Hopkins, the village poet, and the girl whom he eventually marries, Susan Posey. Cynthia Badlam, too, is *suggested* well, though never delineated. We do not know that Byles Gridley, A.M., after the first sketch of him, which is exceedingly vigorous, strikes us as particularly real. To precipitate an old book-student, however keen at reading general character, into the task of unravelling and countermining the conventional conspiracy of a legal rogue like Murray Bradshaw, was not a very artistic idea; and we lose the individuality of the old man's shrewd and cynical benevolence in the ins and outs of this rather common-place piece of ro-

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lance. We are conscious of seeing him less clearly at the end of the story than we did at the middle of the first volume. Some of the sayings extracted from Mr. Gridley's book are, of course, very striking, — as that the Infinite can never cast upon the Finite the *whole* responsibility of a human career, or that girls of fourteen are not unfrequently *grandmothers* to their baby brothers and sisters. It is a fault in the art of the book that so many faint shadows of characters scarcely even indicated should hover about the book, like Clement Lindsay, Cyprian and Olive Eveleth, and Bathsheba Stoker. A walking *hero* may be excused, but the three latter are entirely needless in the story, and add nothing to its character. On the whole, we cannot call the *Guardian Angel* a work of art. It is the work of an exceedingly clever man and of a very acute thinker, and is full of keen thoughts and sayings like those which are contained in the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*. Added to these merits are one or two fine artistic conceptions embodied here and there in the tale, but as a work of portraiture it is exceedingly irregular and unfinished, and its plot is conventional and poor. On the whole, it is the work of a shrewd observer who has occasional glimpses of artistic situations, not of an artist.

From the Antislavery Standard.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched
hands

Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,

The sea's long level dim with rain.

Around me all things, stark and dumb,

Seem praying for the snows to come,

And, for the summer bloom and greenness
gone,

With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn
atone.

Along the river's summer walk,

The withered tufts of asters nod;

And trembles on its arid stalk

The hoar plume of the golden-rod.

And on a ground of sombre fir,

And azure studded juniper,

The silver birch its buds of purple shows,

And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the
sweet wild-rose.

With mingled sound of horns and bells,
 A far heard clang, the wild geese fly,
 Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,
 Like a great arrow through the sky,—
 Two dusky lines converged in one,
 Chasing the southward-flying sun;
 While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay
 Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them
 stay.

I passed this way a year ago.
 The wind blew south; the noon of day
 Was warm as June's; and save that snow
 Flecked the low mountains far away,
 And that the vernal-seeming breeze
 Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
 I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,
 Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind
 at play.

Since then, the winter blasts have piled
 The white pagodas of the snow
 On these rough slopes; and strong and
 wild,
 Yon river in its overflow
 Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,
 Crashed with its ices to the sea;
 And over the gray fields, then green and gold,
 The summer corn has waved, the thunder's
 organ rolled.

Rich gift of God! A year of time,—
 What pomp of rise and shut of day,
 What haes wherewith our Northern clime
 Makes Autumn's dropping woodlands
 gay.
 What airs outblown from ferny dells,
 And e' over-bloom and sweet-brier smells,
 What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits
 and flowers,
 Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its
 round been ours!

I know not how, in other lands,
 The changing seasons come and go;
 What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
 What purple lights on Alpine snow;
 Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
 On Venice at her watery gates:
 A dream alone to me is Arno's vale;
 And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's
 tale,—

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
 Is one with him who rows or sails;
 And he who wanders widest lifts
 No more of beauty's jealous veils
 Than he who from his doorway sees
 The miracle of flowers and trees,
 Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
 And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call
 to prayer.

The eye may well be glad that looks
 Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
 But he who sees his native brooks
 Laugh in the sun has seen them all.

The marble palaces of Ind
 Rise round him in the snow and wind;
 From his lone sweet-brier Persian Hafiz smiles,
 And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland
 isles.

And thus it is my fancy blends
 The near at hand and far and rare;
 And while the same horizon bends
 Above the silver-sprinkled hair
 Which flashed the light of morning skies
 On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
 Within its round of sea and sky and field,
 Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos
 stands revealed.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
 The toiler in his task-work bound,
 Behold their prison walls outspread,
 Their clipped horizon widen round;
 While freedom-giving Fancy waits,
 Like Peter's angel at the gates:
 The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,
 To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs
 again.

What lack of goodly company,
 When masters of the ancient lyre
 Obey my call, and trace for me
 Their words of mingled tears and fire!
 I talk with Bacon grave and wise,
 I read the world with Pascal's eyes;
 And priest and sage, with solemn brows, austere,
 And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of
 Thought, draw near.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,
 "In vain the human heart we mock;
 Bring living guests who love the day,
 Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock!
 The herbs we share with flesh and blood,
 Are better than ambrosial food,
 With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing
 loth,
 But doubtly blest is he who can partake of both.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,
 Have I not seen before me sit,
 And watched his puritanic face,
 With more than Eastern wisdom lit?
 Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back
 Of his Poor Richard's Almanac,
 Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoos' dream,
 Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age
 of steam!

Here, too, of answering love secure,
 Have I not welcomed to my hearth
 The gentle pilgrim troubadour,
 Whose songs have girdled half the earth;
 Whose pages, like the magic mat,
 Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
 Have borne me over Rhineland's purple vines,
 And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's
 mountain pines!

And he, who to the lettered wealth
Of ages adds the lore unpriced,
The wisdom and the moral health,
The ethics of the school of Christ;
The statesman to his holy trust,
As the Athenian Archon, just,
Struck down, exiled like him for truth alone,
Has he not graced my home with beauty all
his own?

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,
What loved ones enter and depart!
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The heaven-lent treasures of the heart!
How conscious seems the frozen sod
And beechen slope whereon they trod!
The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent
friends.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
To bear the winter's lingering chills,
The mocking spring's perpetual loss.
I dream of lands where summer smiles,
And soft winds blow from spicy isles;
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be
sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my
feet!

At times I long for gentler skies,
And bathe in dreams of softer air,
But homesick tears would fill the eyes
That saw the Cross without the Bear.
The pine must whisper to the palm,
The north wind break the tropic calm;
And with the dreamy languor of the Line
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to
beauty join.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to
know.

Home of my heart I to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Wind-or's halls,
The painted, shingly town-house where
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!
The simple roof where prayer is made,
Than gothic groin and colonnade;
The living temple of the heart of man,
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-
spired Milan!

More dear thy equal village schools,
Where rich and poor the Bible read,
Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,
And Learning wears the chains of Creed;

Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in
The scattered sheaves of home and kin,
Than the mad license following Lenten pains,
Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance in
chains.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
And perch along these wooded swells;
And, blessed beyond Arcadian vales,
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Or woman winged before her time,
But with the faults and follies of the race,
Old home-bred virtues hold their not unhonored
place.

Here manhood struggles for the sake
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife.
The graces and the loves which make
The music of the march of life;
And woman, in her daily round
Of duty, walks on holy ground.
No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here
Is the bad lesson learned at human rights to
sneer.

Then let the icy north-wind blow
The trumpets of the coming storm,
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
As gaily as I did of old;
And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wood,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mo-ses green and gold
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine;
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter
every star!

I have not seen, I may not see,
My hopes for man take form in fact,
But God will give the victory
In due time; in that faith I act.
And he who sees the future sure,
The baffling present may endure,
And bless, meanwhile, the unseen hand that
leads
The heart's desires beyond the halting step of
deeds.

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,
Where harsher songs of mine have flown;
Go, find a place at home and hearth
Where'er thy singer's name is known;
Revive for him the kindly thought
Of friends; and they who love him not,
Touched by some strain of thine, perchance
may take
The hand he proffers all, and thank him for thy
sake.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK lived so long that he had seen most of the friends of his youth drop down about him. Yet some of these are preserved to whom the news of his death has come with the peculiar poignant pang that only the aged feel when such companions perish, and which the aged cannot hope for time to wear away. The larger number of his countrymen knew Mr. Halleck, and will not fail to cherish his memory, as an American poet. These, also, retain a vague recollection of his having been at one time in charge of John Jacob Astor's business affairs. But these did not know much of the individual character, the personal charm, the social spirit, of the man once a member of that goodly company which included Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Lang, and Drake, and who had been a welcome guest at the homes of the worthiest merchants and public men of the early part of this century to the present time. He was born seventy-two years ago, July 8, 1795. He entered as clerk at the banking house of Jacob Barker when he was eighteen years of age. Then he made the connection with Mr. Astor, which lasted until after that gentleman's death, who named him as one of the trustees of the Astor Library. This position he continued to hold, although, in 1849, he retired from all active business and went to live in Guilford. In 1818, his lines to "Twilight," the earliest in date of his collected poems, appeared in the *New York Evening Post*. During the two succeeding years he assisted Joseph Rodman Drake in contributing the humorous series of "Croaker" papers to the same journal. The ill-health of Drake compelled the discontinuance of those papers, and his death in the following year was commemorated by Halleck in the poem beginning:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

The poem of "Fanny" — a satire on the follies, fashions and public characters of that early day — was completed within three weeks in the latter part of 1819. It created almost as great a sensation in metropolitan society as Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" did in London and Edinburgh. Copies were demanded and circulated in manuscript after the original edi-

tion, which was not immediately republished in America, had been exhausted. Besides the airy sarcasms with which this production abounds, it contains some descriptive passages of local interest that were very much praised, as, for instance, the following apostrophe:

Weehawken! In thy mountain scenery yet

All we adore of nature in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy, is met;
And never has a Summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on — when high

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs

O'er crags, that proudly tower above the
deep,

And knows that sense of danger which sub-
limes

The breathless moment, when his daring
step

Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear.

Like the death-music of his coming doom,

And clings to the green turf with desperate
force,

As the heart clings to life; and when resume

The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling — like the moan
Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and in his view,

Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before
him;

Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear
blue

Of summer's sky in beauty bending o'er
him —

The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden lights, his own romantic
bay.

Having visited Europe in 1822-3, Halleck published, in 1827, an edition of his poems, in one volume, which included "Marco Bozzaris," "Ainwick Castle" and "Burns." The first-named poem, one of the most popular martial lyrics in the language, is also conceded to be among the most spirited and beautiful. Like a good many other poems of its class, which have been introduced into school "readers" and embodied in juvenile collections, the "sound and frenzy" of it have doubtless more commended it to the younger generation, than the elegance of its diction, its symmetry as a work of art, and its noble poetic fervor. In common with Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and the familiar scene in "Marmion," it must be read over again by the man who has spouted it as a boy, if its excellence is to be

fully appreciated. Nearly every line of "Marco Bozzaris" has been frequently quoted by the best as well as the worst writers, and this passage is certainly as familiar as a cradle song to half the people in the world who read the English language:

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!

Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time, her first-born's breath

Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wait its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,

With banquet song, and dance and wine;
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear

Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.

Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought —

Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand

Of brother in a foreign land;

Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese.

When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

The entire series of Mr. Halleck's poems, published by Harper & Brothers in 1846, comprised a duodecimo volume of 104 pages. Thirty pieces were included in the book. Since that time the author has rested from literary as well as from workaday toil. Though many will think they discern, in the quality of his verse — his nerve, vigor, delicacy and originality — evidence that his genius ought to have manifested itself in a more ambitious effort than he saw fit to make, his fame is the more secure in that he did not thus risk it. The most that he wrote will probably endure; and such a fame is all that a poet should covet. It is, possibly, more than Mr. Halleck did covet himself, for he was one of the most modest of men. He loved best the thoughts and fancies born of the brains of others. Reading was his favorite amusement, or rather vocation. He is said to have studied Portuguese that he might read Camoens in the

original. His library was limited, but choice. He honestly loved nature, and delighted in the shores of the sea. He used to roam along the Sound during the summer, looking in occasionally at the different little pleasure resorts, quietly observing the people and the customs, and disappearing as unobtrusively as he came. This city knew his face but rarely of late years; yet he kept himself well informed of what was going on here, and in the country. He was a man whose genial temper, manners and conversation endeared him wherever he went, even to strangers.

From The Boston Daily Advertiser.

HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY is the art of printing pictures from stone in colors. The most difficult branch of it — which is now generally implied when chromos are spoken of — is the art of reproducing oil paintings. When a chromo is made by a competent hand it presents an exact counterpart of the original painting, with the delicate gradations of tints and shades, and with much of the spirit and tone of a production of the brush and pallet.

To understand how chromos are made, the art of lithography must first be briefly explained. The stone used in lithographing is a species of limestone found in Bavaria, and is wrought into thick slabs with finely polished surface. The drawing is made upon the slab with a sort of colored soap, which adheres to the stone, and enters into a chemical combination with it after the application of certain acids and gums. When the drawing is complete the slab is put on the press and carefully dampened with a sponge. The oil color (or ink) is then applied with a common printer's roller. Of course, the parts of the slab which contain no drawing being wet, resist the ink; while the drawing itself being oily repels the water but retains the color applied. It is thus that, without a raised surface or incisions, — as in common printing, woodcuts and steel engravings, — lithography produces printed drawings from a perfectly smooth stone.

In a chromo the first proof is a light ground tint, covering nearly all the surface. It has only a faint, shadowy resemblance to the completed picture. It is in fact rather

a shadow than an outline. The next proof, from the second stone, contains all the shades of another color. This process is repeated, again and again and again; occasionally as often as thirty times. We saw one proof in a visit to Mr. Prang's establishment—a group of cattle—that had passed through the press twelve times; and it still bore a greater resemblance to a spoiled colored photograph than to the charming picture which it subsequently became. The number of impressions however does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing one over another. In twenty-five impressions, it is sometimes necessary and possible to produce a hundred distinct shades.

The last impression is made by an engraved stone, which produces that resemblance to canvas noticeable in all of Mr. Prang's finer specimens. English and German chromos, as a rule, do not attempt to give this delicate final touch, although it would seem to be essential in order to make a perfect imitation of a painting.

The paper used is white heavy "plate paper," of the best quality, which has to pass through a heavy press, sheet by sheet; before its surface is fit to receive an impression.

The process thus briefly explained, we need hardly add, requires equally great skill and judgment at every stage. A single error is instantly detected by the practised eye in the finished specimen. The production of a chromo, if it is at all complicated, requires several months—sometimes several years—of careful preparation. The mere drawing of the different and entirely detached parts on so many different stones is of itself a work that requires an amount of labor and a degree of skill, which to a person unfamiliar with the process would appear incredible. Still more difficult, and needing still greater skill, is the process of coloring. This demands a knowledge which artists have hitherto almost exclusively monopolized; and, in addition to it, the practical familiarity of a printer with mechanical details. "Drying" and "registering" are as important branches of the art of making chromos as drawing and coloring. On proper registering, for example, the entire possibility of producing a picture, at every stage of its progress, depends. "Registering" is that part of a pressman's work which consists of so arranging the paper in the press that it shall receive the impression on exactly the same spot of every sheet.

In book work, each page must be exactly opposite the page printed on the other side of the sheet, in order that the impression, if on thin paper, may not "show through." In newspaper work this is of less importance, and often is not attended to with any special care. But in chromo-lithography the difference of a hair's breadth would spoil a picture, for it would hopelessly mix up the colors.

After the chromo has passed through the press, it is embossed and varnished and then put up for the market. These final processes are for the purpose of breaking the glossy light, and of softening the hard outlines which the picture receives from the stone, which imparts to it the resemblance of a painting on canvas.

Mr. Prang began his business in the humblest way, but has rapidly increased his establishment until he now employs fifty workmen—nearly all of them artisans of the most skilful class—and is preparing to move into a larger building at Roxbury. Nearly all his force are Germans. He uses eighteen presses, and his sales are enormous. His catalogue now embraces a large number of Album Cards—about seventy sets of twelve in each set—a beautiful series of illuminated "Beatitudes" and "Scriptural Mottoes"—an endless list of our great men, and of men not so great after all; of juveniles, notably, a profusely illustrated edition of "Old Mother Hubbard;" and of half chromos and chromos proper. Tait's "Chickens," "Ducklings" and "Quails" were the first chromos that met an instant and wide recognition. Nineteen thousand copies of the "Chickens" alone were sold. Bricher's "Early Autumn on Esopus Creek" is one of the best chromos ever made on a small scale. The "Bullfinch" and the "Linnet" (after Cruickshank) are admirable. There are other chromos which are less successful, and one or two that are not successful at all, but they are nearly all excellent copies of the originals, with which the defects must be charged.

The chromos of Bricher's paintings are really wonderfully accurate.

Mr. Prang's masterpiece, however, is not yet published, although it is nearly ready for the market. It entirely surpasses all his previous efforts. It is Correggio's "MAGDALENA," and can hardly fail, we think, to command a quick sale and hearty recognition.

Like every modern discovery, chromo-lithography has its partisans and detractors,—those who claim for it perhaps impossible capabilities, and those who regard it as a

mere handicraft, which no skill can ever elevate into the dignity of an art. We do not care to enter into these disputes. Whether an art or a handicraft, chromo-lithography certainly re-produces charming little pictures, vastly superior to any colored plates that we have had before, and it is at least clearly entitled to be regarded as a means of educating the popular taste and thereby raising the national ideal of art.

A correspondent, looking at chromos from this point of view, thus indicates (it may be somewhat enthusiastically) their possible influence on the culture of the people:

"What the discovery of the art of printing did for the mental growth of the people, the art of chromo-lithography seems destined to accomplish for their aesthetic culture. Before types were first made, scholars and the wealthier classes had ample opportunities for study—for even when bibles were chained in churches, and copies of the Scriptures (then aptly so styled) were worth a herd of cattle, there were large libraries accessible to the aristocracy of rank and mind. But they were guarded against the masses by the double doors of privilege and ignorance. A book possessed no attractions for the man who could not read the alphabet, and *because* they were rare and hard to get at, he had no incitement to master their mysteries. Made cheap and common, the meanest peasant, in the course of a few generations, found solace for his griefs in the pages of the greatest authors of his times and of all time. Mental culture became possible for whole nations; and democracy, with its illimitable blessings, gradually grew up under the little shadow of the first 'printer's proof.'

Until within a quite recent period, art has been feudal in its associations. Galleries of priceless paintings, indeed, there have always been in certain favoured cities and countries; but to the people, as a whole, they have been equally inaccessible and unappreciated, because no previous training had taught the community *how* to prize them. It was like Harvard College without the District School—a planet without satellites, and too far removed from the world of the people for its light to shine in the cottage and in the homes of the masses.

Now, chromo-lithography, although still in its infancy, promises to diffuse not a love of art merely among the people at large, but to disseminate the choicest masterpieces of art itself. It is art republicanized and

naturalized in America. Its attempts hitherto have been comparatively unambitious, but it was not Homer and Plato that were first honored by the printing press. It was dreary catechisms of dreary creeds. So will it be with this new art. As the popular taste improves the subjects will be worthier of an art which seeks to give back to mankind what has hitherto been confined to the few."

From the Press (Philadelphia), Nov. 15.

SOUTHERN IMMIGRATION.

IN October we published a brief article, calling attention to the resources of the South and the fact that the only impediment to its thorough and speedy development lay in the blindness which ostracised Northern men and Northern capital. This paragraph has been circulated most extensively throughout the Southern States, eliciting a copious reply, both in journalistic comments and private letters. Of these some are trifling, some angry and fretful, while many of them grapple with the question with earnest dignity. Two of these letters we select this morning, because written in good spirit, although under very mistaken ideas as to many points, and we present them at length in another column as evidence of our perfect good faith in this matter and honest desire to aid in the upbuilding of that desolated country, although, viewing them from a business point of view, they are but first-class advertisements.

It is pre-eminently the interest of the Republican party to restore the South. Reconstruction is our mission. That will be only accomplished by effecting a perfect understanding between all sections of our whole country, and thus creating confidence. The Democratic party being a mere opposition, all its efforts are solely directed towards sowing discontent and preventing the healing of the old wound.

The South to-day offers material inducements for immigration such as perhaps no country ever before did. A fertile soil, cheap land and plenty of it, a delicious climate, the best natural system of water communication in the world, mines of mineral treasure and mountains of ore—her physical attractions are unparalleled. Again, the conditions of civilization are all

at hand. The settler has not to abandon the comforts of the world and isolate himself for life from his fellows. A ready market is at hand; communication is open with all parts of the land. The main trunks of her railways are at least surveyed, built, and in partial operation; her forests are cut away and the malaria of new countries dispelled; churches and schools are built; the framework and machinery of civil government is at hand. In short, the South offers to the settler the advantages of a new country without the drawbacks.

Now, why is it that we have a surplus of men and a surfeit of capital that will not cross Mason and Dixon's line? Why is it that immigration and investment force their way through the passes of the Rocky Mountains rather than enter the inviting fields of the South? There can be no prejudice or political feeling in this thing. It is a matter of business.

The answer is simple. It is not safe nor pleasant for Northern men to go into the Southern States to live. When that fact is understood and appreciated at the South, the danger will be over and the remedy applied. Many men in Georgia, Mississippi, and Texas will not believe this. They cannot understand it. They have lived there without any fear for years, and why should any one else feel uncomfortable? This is no answer, however. Soldiers will assure you it is safe when bullets are hurtling and shells exploding, and so it is, perhaps, compared with the other end of the field, but it is not, by any means, like home.

Now, the fact is, Northern men who can make a living at home will not go down South. They are not timid or over-cautious. The bulk of them have faced Confederate steel and heard unmoved the roar of Confederate artillery. It is not that. You may converse with any half dozen of the ex-soldiers of our army, and you will find that one or more of them had wanted when the war was over, and perhaps for a time had intended, to settle in the South, but had reluctantly concluded not to do it. It was better to live North, making two thousand dollars, than to go South and make four thousand. They were not willing to live in a land where they must suffer implied insult, if nothing more, from morning till night. They were not willing to expose a wife and children to the chances of Southern civilization. That is the rub. Most young men of ordinary means and manly impulses would rather take a woman to the frontiers than to a Southern plantation or a Southern village. More than this,

Northern young men are unwilling to expose themselves daily to a street fight or tavern brawl. Such encounters in their eyes and under our civilization are disgraceful, and it is folly to go in the way of them. As an inevitable consequence, the better and more desirable class of our population will not go South. Only those will venture it who cannot live at home.

Again, the fact of actual violence is undoubted. Last year, in the space of a month or so, four Northern planters were murdered in the vicinity of Vicksburg. Three of them at least had Southern partners. In no case has the murderer been punished, and in every case the friends of the murdered men have been unable to obtain the decedents' interest in the crop which was just being reaped. Similar stories can be told of other parts. Now, every section of the South may not be, of course is not, as bad as Vicksburg, the Red-river country, or along some of the interior bayous of Louisiana. But until there is some earnest demonstration on the part of the whole South against these atrocities, they must in the common nature of things be received as indices of the condition of all the country. There are murders here, but the murderers are promptly punished.

But to our correspondents. With apparently the best intentions, they make the same fatal mistake, which is the curse of the South. To advocate the political equality of the black man—the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence—is assumed to be a crime against the State. The advocate would likely be looked on as a felon and outlaw, no matter what his arguments or facts. He would not be heard. A. J. B., who asks for immigration, in the same breath leaps to the intolerant conclusion that a man holding the views of the majority of the people of the North deliberately desires to turn the country into a howling wilderness. This is a practical deprivation of free speech. The unmeaning cry of "negro supremacy" is also lugged in as a final and conclusive answer to the whole Republican platform. This is sheer and childish folly. The negroes of the South are in a minority that is counted by millions, and they can in no case obtain the domination of the country unless they possess its brains, in which case they ought to rule.

This whole question is a political one, which must be settled by cool and temperate argument, and not by calling names or shouting out inconsiderate claptrap assertions. Where our correspondents call

names, a lower class would likely hurl curses and vulgar invective. A few years ago tar and feathers would have been the rejoinder.

What we have said is said in the kindest spirit and with a view solely to the best interests of the South. What we can do for her we will and want to do. This morning we insert in the letters of our correspondents two mammoth advertisements that probably no real estate dealer in any State of Dixie could pay for at our usual rates. We should like to see by January a million Northern men, carrying with them brave hearts, strong arms, respect for labor, churches, schools, and a habitual regard for law, cross over the border and enter in and possess the South. Their loss to us would not be felt; their presence in our sister Commonwealths would make the waste places glad. We say now, and always have said, a good word for the country, but we cannot speak encouragingly of the treatment which Northern settlers will be apt to receive in the late insurrectionary States. The united testimony of hundreds of witnesses is against the representations of our correspondents. No doubt the substantial portion of the community South desire to invite moneyed and industrial immigration, but there is a class of irresponsible young men who generally manage to speak for and overawe the entire population. They are the bane of the South. They dragooned her into rebellion, and they are now deliberately depriving her of the last and only hope of recuperation from the effects of her folly.

From The London Review.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

Now sailing on the seas which divide America from England—with the avowed purpose of "laying down a third cable" between the old mother land and the vigorous race which has sprung from her—but ere this time often to be seen walking the Strand, or more vigorously that Kentish road which leads to Rochester—is a small, compact, well-built man, with a remarkable face; handsome, intellectual, and lined with thought, surmounted with hair once richly abundant, but now thin and wiry, and surrounded with beard and moustache which tell of hard work and much out-door prog-

ress in all sorts of weathers. That man is the best known of all English authors; is a power in England, in America, and in Europe—has been able to mould the thoughts of thousands of his countrymen; and although not by any means having attained a well-earned fame *per saltum*, has by successive and fortunate endeavour won a name with his countrymen nearly as much known as that of Shakespeare. He was born fifty-five years ago at Landport, Portsmouth. His father was at the time—15th of February, 1812—a clerk in the Navy Pay-office, and being obliged to reside at one or other of the various seaports of the kingdom, it thus happened that Hampshire is to be credited with the birth of Charles Dickens.

When the war ceased, there being—fortunately for England and the world—far less occasion for navy pay-clerks, Mr. John Dickens retired upon a pension, and, going to London, he being a man of considerable talent and good education, obtained an engagement to report the debates in Parliament, and eventually became one of the staff of the *Chronicle*. Charles Dickens's early recollections of Portsmouth were doubtless few and feeble; but he visited it later in life, and gathered matter from it for some of his most vivid and tangible delineations. It was there that the theatre of the magnificent-minded Mr. Crummles flourished; and there, too, lived Bulph, the pilot, "who decorated his house with a boat-green door, and exhibited on the mantel-shelf of his parlour, among natural and maritime curiosities, the little finger of a drowned man."

Of the childhood of Dickens—to what particular school he went, whether he was a quick or a slow boy, or whether his habits were gay and child-like, or teeming with old-world fancies—we know really nothing. We can fancy him either as a bright, animated child, watched over and tenderly cared for by a Peggotty, or as a pale, delicate, dreamy boy, upsetting the dignity of a Mrs. Pipehine. The power with which he describes thoughtful, retired children, and the love he has for delineating them and picturing their fancies, indicate a sympathy possibly springing from his own early memories. One can hardly separate in any biographical article David Copperfield from Charles Dickens, nor C. D. from D. C. The initials, it will be seen, are the same, but inverted. We may again refer to this in speaking of this admirable novel in its proper place.

From school to the world Dickens made

but a short leap. He served for some time in the "gallery" as a reporter, and then during a recess — "Mornings at Bow-street" and such like sketches being popular — fleshed his maiden pen by a first engagement, the result being "Sketches by Boz," which were inserted in the columns of the evening edition of the *Morning Chronicle*, under the title of "Sketches of English Life and Character." They were original, humorous, and true to the life of the time; they at once attracted attention, and were reprinted in two volumes in 1836 and 1837 respectively, illustrated by George Cruikshank. The papers and illustrations were worthy of each other, both humorous and exaggerated, with an exaggeration so readily seen that it was but a flimsy veil through which the real truth of the characters portrayed was easily distinguishable. In these early sketches Mr. Dickens gave promise of pathos and quaint fancy as well as of humour; his sketch in Monmouth-street is one of the most touching and fanciful pieces of writing he has done. These sketches are still favourites with young people, and the extra and somewhat unnatural amount of colour they bear makes them capital "readings," — the caricature element in them fitting them for recitation and gaslight. The success of these papers, the novelty of them, the freshness and vigour of the pen, and the wide range and command over laughter and tears that the author held, caused an enterprising publisher, in the good old days when publishers did not wait for suggestions from authors, to propose to Mr. Dickens that he should write "Pickwick." In the last speech which he delivered in England the author tells us of literary life: "I began to tread it when I was very young, without money, without influence, without companion, introducer, or adviser;" but he adds that he met "with no dragons in the path," and, one must add, that he met with many friends. When Dickens opened his door in Fumival's Inn to the publisher's knock, he found Mr. Chapman, of the firm of Chapman & Hall, then of the Strand, whom he recognised as the person from whom he had bought three years before the first copy of a magazine, in which "his first effusion, dropped stealthily one evening with fear and trembling in a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court, appeared in all the glory of print — on which occasion — how well I recollect it! — I walked into Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the

light, and were not fit to be seen there."

This confession, in Dickens's best style, will show that he commenced his first important work with a good omen. He has told us what the idea propounded to him was, namely, that "a monthly something should be the vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour." (The reader will bear in mind the infinitive mood of the verb.) "And there was an idea on the part of that admirably-humorous artist or of the publisher (my visitor) of a Nimrod club, the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so on, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity." Plainly, here the publisher suggests that Dickens should write up to the illustrations of Seymour, and hence a false impression, which the author has too earnestly denied, that he was subservient to the designs of the artist. Mr. Edward Chapman, the survivor of the original firm of C. & H., has set-down in writing a contradiction to this, and Mr. Dickens himself declares that "Mr. Seymour never originated an incident, a phrase, nor a word in the book; that Mr. Seymour died when only twenty-four pages of the book were published; that he (Dickens) only saw Seymour once in his life, the night before his death, and that then he offered no suggestion whatever." In effect, the artist, overburdened with work, in a fit of derangement committed suicide; and, happily for Dickens, Hablot Browne was called in to do his work. Seymour had made his drawing of the club, with the happy portrait of its founder, the latter on Edward Chapman's description of the dress and bearing of a real personage he often met, we believe, near Dulwich. Whether Dickens originated the P. C. or not, or whether, as we think his work bears evidence, he worked under certain restrictions, it really matters very little. The greater merit would be for him, like other authors, to have broken free from the trammels of publishers' suggestions and of the outlines of artists.

The work was an attempt — in the book-selling view — to resuscitate antique monthly issues, of which Mr. Dickens had certain recollections, of novels hawked about by pedlars, and his friends told him that his venture was a low, cheap form of issue, that would assuredly damn his hopes. To the public he was wisely unknown. The anonymous is like the shield which covered the conqueror at Hastings, and which still bears the motto, "Forte scutum salus ducum" — a safeguard for young writers. His pseudonym was "Boz" — a boy's name,

formed out of Moses pronounced through the nose, and given by him to a younger brother in honour of Moses of the "Vicar of Wakefield;" and H. K. Browne, not to be behindhand, was equally cacophonous, and signed himself "Phiz." The death of Seymour altered the form of the work; thirty-two pages were given in each part, *vice* twenty-four; and two illustrations, *vice* four. The *furor* that "Pickwick" created was immense. Although the first few chapters are farcical in the extreme, it can scarcely be denied that "Pickwick," as a story, is a failure. Who ever met the man, woman, or child who could sit down quietly by a winter fire and tell him the "plot" of "Pickwick?" Had it come out as a whole book, it would probably have failed to find readers—it is too full of stuff, it would have palled on the taste; but as a sketch-book it is inimitable. That fat, bland, benevolent lover of statistics, Mr. Pickwick; his unequalled servant, Sam Weller, whom he flatters himself is an "original" (and so do we); the volatile Jingle, and Job Trotter, the canting hypocrite; the "old-un," and mother-in-law; and the arch humbug, Stiggins, of pine-apple rum proclivities—who could have brought all these before us in such tangible reality as Dickens has? Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen are types (exaggerated if you will) but still types of a class, while the anecdote of the old gentleman who took the bull's-eye in the garden for an extraordinary phenomenon, is a very probable example of the fogginess and stupidity of semi-scientific men. Mrs. Leo Hunter has become an historical character, and the sketch of the rival newspaper editors of the *Eatonswill Gazette* and *Independent*, which has been charged with exaggeration, is perfectly true to fact. When the book "Pickwick" was finished, and the man "Pickwick" had retired to Dulwich, and Mr. S. Weller was basking in the smiles of Mrs. S. Weller, *née* "the pretty housemaid," their creator had a rest of some ten or twelve months, at the end of which time he gratified the public with a new novel—"Nicholas Nickleby." In the interim Mr. Dickens had matured and organized his plans, and, like Fielding, only with more visible intention, he started on a determined course of action. As in "Pickwick," he had written against the Fleet Prison, so in "Nicholas Nickleby" he made a vigorous onslaught on York-hire schools. It was said that Lord Macaulay would go a hundred miles to verify a fact, and it will be well if young and careless writers take to heart this author's careful study. He had heard of the cruelties prac-

ticed at Yorkshire schools years before, and he made a vow, if possible, to write on them. Now came the opportunity. He went down to Yorkshire in a very severe winter, faithfully described in the book, to have an interview with one or two of the schoolmasters, and, in fact, by a pious fraud—for he pretended to have the child of a widow to put to school—to pick up characters. On his journey he met with the original John Browdie, and it is more than suspected with the original Squeers. The first said to him, "Well, misther, we've been very pleasant together, and I'll speak my mind tívvee. Doan't let weedur send ur little boy to yan o' our schoolmeaster, while there's a harse to hooold in a' Lunnon, and a gootther to lie asleep in." Mr. Squeers said many precious sentences, and sat for his portrait. This picture of Squeers in "Nickleby" was so true and natural that many of the schoolmasters identified themselves with it; and one individual who happened to have but one eye, and who, therefore, resembled Squeers physically as well as mentally, threatened the author with an action at law. Mr. Crummles and his company show that the author has an intimate acquaintance with provincial theatrical life behind the scenes; whilst Mrs. Nickleby is as true a picture of a genial, blundering, tiresome, affectionate, egotistical, silly, garrulous, middle-aged lady as is Mrs. Primrose in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Mr. Mantalini, with his gross overdoses of affectionate humbug, and continual "demuit," is just what one would expect a good-looking, unprincipled man-milliner to be. Tim Linkinwater, Miss La Creevy, Sir Mulberry Hawk, and Lord Frederick Verisopht; Mrs. Witterly, and the Kenwigses, including Mr. Lillyvick, besides many minor characters just sketched in, such as the young proprietor of the hair-dresser's shop, can scarcely be exceeded in their truth to nature. Ralph Nickleby, the uncle, has been objected to as too theatrically scowling and malevolent, and too calculatingly wicked. The other usurer, Gride, is a more commonplace personage—simply a miser. Bray and his daughter, again, are somewhat melodramatic, but beneath the veil of exaggeration there is the reality of life. Newman Noggs is an eccentric creature, one of whom it is just possible to meet in a lifetime, and the like of the Brothers Cheeryble must be rare birds indeed. To be sure, Mr. Dickens says that they exist, "and that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creations of

the author's brain." Happy, indeed, must be the poor who come within the orbit of their influence! Nicholas himself is the portrait of a generous, somewhat commonplace, and natural young man; and Kate is a very pretty girl—a fit sister to such a brother. There is little attempt at high-flown or sensational writing, and the interest is, to use a stereotyped phrase with critics, well kept up.

In spite of Dickens's assertion that he had no friend or companion to help him when he commenced literature, we must own that his success, his talent, and his genial manner soon brought him many. Mr. John Forster, of the *Examiner*, and biographer of Oliver Goldsmith, devoted many patient hours to the correction of all his proof-sheets; Mr. W. H. Wills, the sub-editor of *All the Year Round* was ready to aid him as a faithful henchman, and to these were added Mr. Mark Lemon, Sir E. L. Bulwer, and even the great and trenchant Jeffery, of the *Edinburgh Review*. Indeed the lonely and unaided young author seems to have been peculiarly happy in the number and the influential character of his friends, and it is to the mutual honour of these gentlemen that nothing but death has divided them, and that they who were his companions and admirers in his youth are as ardent and warm friends now—save those only who have obeyed the summoning knock of that "mors pallida" which comes to all.

It began to be whispered about this time that Dickens was well acquainted with low life, as if an author, or as he himself uses the word, an artist could paint only from well-dressed lay figures and did not delight, in the very depths of his artistic nature, in light and shadows. Mr. Dickens next went into the delineation of low life, and in "Oliver Twist," first published in *Bentley's Miscellany*, of which he became editor, revealed some of the darkensses of London life, and instituted a class of literature from which we have never since then been free. This story, illustrated with a vigour and a genius equal to that of the text, by George Cruikshank, is one of the best Dickens has ever written. Never were the precincts of Field-lane, which stood opposite the terminus of the Metropolitan Railway in Victoria-street, and one side of which remains, more beneficially explored. Never were work-houses more cleverly dealt with; the heaviest blow ever given to "Bumbledom"—the name dates from the book—was therein dealt. The portraits of Fagin, Charley Bates, and the Artful Dodger, are works of

art. Nor are Bill Sykes and Nancy to be forgotten; the murder of Nancy, the flight and death of Sykes, and the trial of Fagin, are masterpieces of earnest descriptive writing, and show the true intuition of genius. One or two characters are mere sketches. Monks is a gloomy scoundrel; and Rose Maylie, a milk-and-water damsel of the real Dickensian ideal; but amidst vice, depravity, cunning, theft, and murder, the author treads firmly and cleanly, and teaches us that best of lessons,—to pity the guilty while we hate the guilt, and especially to

"Look upon the poor with gentle eye,
For in their figures often angels desire an
alms."

He had often experienced the force of his writings; he tells us that the Fleet Prison exposed in "Pickwick" is no more, and that Yorkshire schools are better. Mr. Laing, a coarse magistrate, portrayed in a like manner in this book, felt the power of the novelist and was glad to resign.

The conclusion of "Oliver" was better carried out than that of "Nickleby;" but the latter had been spoiled by a dramatist, now alive, who dramatized the story before it was finished. The author resented this pilfering with one or two hard blows. The dramatist suggested that it was "fame" to an author to be so dramatized. "So," said Dickens, "Richard Turpin, Tom King, and Jerry Abershaw have handed down to fame those upon whom they committed their most impudent robberies."

At the conclusion of "Oliver Twist" Dickens resigned *Bentley* to Harrison Ainsworth, with a humorous preface about the old and new coachman, and, after the plan of Addison's *Spectator*, commenced a weekly issue, "Master Humphrey's Clock." Of this we will say little; the plan failed, the correspondents' letters were given up, and a prose epic of the "Old Curiosity Shop" soon alone remained. Poor old Weller, Sam, and Pickwick were resuscitated, and were soon again laid in their graves. The comic portion of this book is excellent. Swiveller himself is beyond praise; so are the Marchioness, Quilp, the old School-master, and Sampson Brass. But there is a serious side even finer. The poetry of little Nell's life, her beautiful devotion to her grandfather, her childlike wisdom, sharpened to an unnatural extent, are touching in the extreme. The poetry of her death is still finer, and the very prose, if but divided into lines, will, as Mr. Horne pointed

out in the "New Spirit of the Age," form that kind of gracefully irregular blank verse which Shelley and Southey have used. The following is from the description of little Nell's funeral, without the alteration of a word :—

"When death strikes down the innocent and young,
From every fragile form, from which he lets
The parting spirit free,
A hundred virtues rise,
In shape of Mercy, Charity, and Love,
To walk the world and bless it.
Of every tear
That sorrowing Nature sheds on such green graves,
Some good is born, some gentle nature comes."

In "Barnaby Rudge," his next tale, Mr. Dickens opened up fresh ground, and commenced an historical tale of the Lord George Gordon riots. The story is vigorous and full of beauty. The description of the riots far surpasses, in our opinion, the celebrated scenes of the "Porteus mob," by Sir Walter Scott, to which it has been likened. The characters are replete with truth, with hardly one exception. Barnaby himself—poor mad Barnaby—with his raven, is a finished picture; the raven comparable to nothing in literature so much as to a certain immortal dog possessed by one Lance, drawn by Master William Shakespeare. The rough character of Hugh, Mr. Dennis the hangman, old Varden, the charming Dolly, and Emma Haredale—not to mention the wondrously real Miggs, with Mrs. Varden reading her Protestant tracts—form an admirable group. The character of Lord George is faithfully preserved, and another historical personage treated with justice. We allude to that fine specimen of a false-hearted "snob," Lord Chesterfield, who is sketched to the life as Sir Edward Chester. In fact, "Barnaby Rudge" is at the very head of that rare class of fiction,—the good "historical novel."

After the conclusion of "Barnaby," Mr. Dickens set sail to America, now, about a quarter of a century ago, and produced from his voyage "American Notes," dedicating his book "to those friends in America who had left his judgment free, and who, loving their country, can bear the truth when it is told good-humouredly and in a kind spirit." The book was met with a storm of disapprobation. False and exaggerated were light terms to be applied to it by the Americans; but Dickens stuck to

his colours, and, republishing it after eight years, had nothing to alter; "prejudiced," he says, "I have never been, save in favour of the United States." Lord Jeffery wrote a very kind letter about it, said that the account of the prisons was as poetical and powerful as had ever been written, and congratulated him on selling 3,000 copies in one week, and in putting £1,000 into his pocket.

In 1843, the voyage to America was again turned to account, by a new tale, "Martin Chuzzlewit," in some respects his best. The hero, a selfish fellow enough till taught and softened in the tale, is the best drawn of his heroes, and admirably contrasted with Tom Pinch; Pecksniff's name has become a synonyme for falseness and humbug, and Jonas Chuzzlewit, Montague Tigg, Todgers, Bailey, Tapley, and others, are all admirably drawn characters. As in all his works, the great author, whose creative power seems unbounded, had an aim. Hospital nurses were bad enough, and a shrewd death-blow was given to them by the immortal portrait of Mrs. Sairey Gamp, the origin of Mrs. Brown and numbers of fatuous imitations. The scenes in America have been acknowledged by Americans to be as true as those sketches of England with which we are so familiar. Elijah Pogram and his defiance, and his reference to his country, whose "bright home is in the settin' sun," is immortal. We have not space to linger over the book. It was in 1843 that Dickens struck new ground in his Christmas books, of which it is difficult to speak without praiseful exaggeration. And truly, perhaps, the most wholly beautiful production of Dickens's is his "Christmas Carol." If ever any individual story ever warmed a Christmas hearth, that was the one; if ever solitary self was converted by a book, and made to be merry and childlike at that season "when its blessed founder was himself a child," he surely was by that. "We are all charmed with your Carol," wrote Lord Jeffery to its author, "chiefly, I think, for the genuine goodness which breathes all through it, and is the true inspiring angel by which its genius has been awakened. . . . You should be happy yourself; for, to be sure, you have done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of benevolence by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals since Christmas, 1842." Perhaps not that; but the story filled many old hearts with the vigorous youth of charity, and thrilled young souls with a sympathetic

love of man, that drew them nearer to God. There are four more Christmas books, "The Chimes" and "The Cricket on the Hearth," almost equal to the Carol; while "The Battle of Life" and "The Haunted Man" show a certain falling off, although those parts which relate to the Tetterby family were most charmingly written. Let us now pass over "Dealings with the firm of Dombey and Son," as less satisfactory than most of his works, and proceed at once to "David Copperfield," the most finished and natural of his works; it is more than good. The boyhood of the hero; the scene in church; the death of his mother; the story of Peggotty. Poor little Em'ly; that touching love, so true, so perfect, and so delicate and pure, which the rough old fisherman has for his lost niece, cannot be surpassed. The mellow strength and matured vigour of style, the modest ingenuousness of Copperfield's relation of his progress in literature, supposed truthfully to portray Dickens's own career; the child-wife, her death, and David's final love for Agnes—all rush upon our memory, and put forward their claims to be admired. The original characters are all good, and the family of Micawber form a group as original as was ever drawn by Mr. Dickens. The dark and weird character of Rosa Dartle, and the revolting one of Uriah Heep, are the only painful ones in the book. But they are full of fine touches of nature, which also illumine the dark drawing of the Murdstones. After this Dickens gave us "Little Dorrit" in 1857, and a most excellent story—an historical novel, well considered, and worked out with abundant force—in 1859, "A Tale of Two Cities" (we have omitted "Hard Times" of 1854); and "Great Expectations," published in 3 vols. in 1861, a tale admirable in all respects, which had adorned the pages of Mr. Dickens's serial.

In 1851-3 he had written a "Child's History of England," as in 1846 he had given us "Pictures from Italy," and in 1860 had gathered up from *Household Words* a number of sketches called the "Uncommercial Traveller," which are worthy of the author—which, perhaps, is too much to say of the second book mentioned; and, lastly, in 1865-6, he issued his most recent work, in numbers, "Our Mutual Friend," a work full of original and eccentric characters, and studded with charming bits of pathos and of description; but, although the author never had a larger sale, the work did not obtain that hold of the public which his others have.

In spite of, and in addition to, the immense amount of work above recorded, Dickens, whose literary activity is enormous, and who seems to have been impelled always to make a closer and more familiar acquaintance with his public, established, on the 21st of January, 1846, the *Daily News*, his name being advertised as "head of the literary department." Young papers have to make readers; and, as a rule, newspaper buyers do not rate at a high value successful novelists. We need not wonder, therefore, that the *Daily News*, though now existing, and honourably known for its independence, is not as successful as it deserves to be, from the courage and vigour with which it has advocated true Liberal principles. Mr. Dickens, though aided by Mr. Wills and by John Forster, soon ceased to have any connection with this paper, and in 1850 established a weekly periodical, taking the proud line—for a hero or a periodical—"Familiar in their mouths as household words." Connected with this was a monthly narrative, which, as containing news, involved the proprietors with heavy expenses as to stamp-duty—now happily removed. The judgment was given in favour of Dickens, and the first step towards a free press thus taken. In 1851, Dickens and Lytton brought forth a project, the Guild of Literature and Art, also abortive, although it has had a certain existence, and certain almshouses, which no author will inhabit, are built on Lord Lytton's estate, near Stevenage. Lytton wrote a comedy, "Not so Bad as we Seem;" and Dickens, Jerrold, John Forster, Mark Lemon, Topham the actor, Charles Knight, and others, were the actors. To back up this comedy, Mr. Dickens and Mark Lemon produced a weak farce, called "Mrs. Nightingale's Diary." It is said that our vivacious author has also written an opera, and very prettily and gracefully. We here give from a recondite source a poem by our author, a graceful and sweet apologue, reminding one of the manner of Hood, and to most of our readers a novelty:—

"A WORD IN SEASON."

"They have a superstition in the East,

That ALLAH written on a piece of paper
Is better unction than can come of priest,

Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper;
Holding that any scrap which bears that
name,

In any characters, its front impress on,
Shall help the finder through the purging
flame,

And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly, they make a mighty fuss
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves; for they are not, like
us,

A highly civilized and thinking nation;
And always stooping in the miry ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So I have known a country on the earth
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth,
Were the hard portion of its sons and
daughters;
And yet, where they who should have oped
the door
Of charity and light for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar floor,
And rent the Book, in struggles for the
binding.

The gentlest man among these pious Turks,
God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
Their best High Churchman, with no faith in
works,
Bowstrings the virtues in the market-places.
The Christian pariah, whom both sects curse
(They curse all other men, and curse each
other),
Walks through the world not very much the
worse,
Does all the good he can, and loves his
brother."

Following up our history, we may note that, owing to certain circumstances, having their origin in a domestic estrangement, which Mr. Dickens himself made public in 1858, and to which, nor to his married life, we have here neither space nor inclination further to allude, our author seceded from *Household Words*, and established, in conjunction with Mr. Wills, *All the Year Round*—a similar journal, in which he has done excellent work, by which he has aided many young authors, and through which he every Christmas charms our hearts with tender and rare stories, and with such sweet and quaint creations as only he can give us; let us instance that touching, wholly good and human Dr. Marigold, who deserves to stand side by side with the best character its gifted author ever drew. In connection with this, we must not forget Dickens' "readings." He has always had an impulse to get nearer to his "public;" and some ten years ago he commenced, with immense success, public readings of his works. No man can excel him in this; voice, manner, conception of course, and execution are all admirable. The reader is a consummate actor; his laughter moves every one in the vast halls he fills; his pathos is so infectious

that hardly a dry eye is seen: there is no heart but what is touched with gentle sorrow.

Content with his *métier*, therefore, refusing to mix in politics, having a noble ideal of his art, satisfied with the appreciation of his countrymen—"though not with that of his country"—the author must be considered as a very fortunate man. No one has had more weight with his generation, no author in his own lifetime was ever so fully published. It is only just now that he has issued a tenth or twelfth edition of "Pickwick," which sells 45,000 at once in England, while in America his works are circulated in all shapes and by the van-load. He has inculcated a wide charity, great manliness, hope, truth, independence of character. He teaches everywhere respect and love for woman, the nobility of labour, and by a thousand little touches shows us how wise as well as beautiful true manliness is. He has a deep sense of religion; an immoral nuance never stains his page. His very faults have added, with an eccentric people, to his popularity. He has given us a gallery of eccentrics—he has gone into the highways and byways, and has picked up the halt, the lame, the blind, and the distorted in character; and by a trick of repetition—for Dickens prides himself upon his art—he fixes these upon our mind. Who remembers Mark Tapley without thinking of his word "Jolly" written on a slate when he was too weak to speak it? Who thinks of Toots without the ever-recurring phrase, "Oh, its of no consequence;" or of Mr. Swiveller, without his funny poetical relapses; or of Mr. Wegg, without that dropping into poetry, and the "decline and fall of the Roman Hemptire" so often repeated? Again we may remark that there is great singularity in Dickens's choice of names for his *dramatis personæ*. Ugly and dissonant many of them are; but how singularly adapted to the characters they represent, and this in an inexplicable way. Poor Winkle, the shy young man who was so hard to draw out of his shell; and little Nell, how fit a name for such a sad pathetic life as hers—a child with the shadow of early death upon her from the first—a name calling to mind a tiny procession, and a childish coffin, and a churchyard, and falling clouds of earth, and the mourning toll of a bell high up in the steeple suspended between the earth where the little body was laid, and the heaven where the worn, tired spirit was at rest. His favourite letters are those which produce the sounds of K and N. To name a few in-

stances at random, there are Pickwick, Panks, Nicholas Nickleby, Newman Noggs, Clennam, Linkinwater, Flintwinch, Carker, Kenwigs, Kit Nubbles; next in favour apparently come Z and double G, as shown in the typical names Fezziwig, Chuzzlewit, Figg, Maggy, Miggs, and Cheggs.

But above and beyond these tricks, there is a creative genius almost unparalleled in its fertility and richness. The creatures begotten in his fertile brain have peopled ours, and have and do fill the thoughts of the sailor on his lonely watch, of the squatter as he sits solitary in his hut miles away from human help, of the miner below the earth, of the wrapped-up traveller as he hurries on at hurricane speed above its surface. Positive mental rest, happiness, soundness, pleasantness, and sunshine, this man has given to a larger number of his brothers and sisters than any other living soul. God gifted him at his birth with genius and activity, and he has been true to his trust. The talents have multiplied a thousand-fold. Of how many great ones can we say as much? Of no man can we say more.

From Harper's Weekly.

CHARLES DICKENS.

"I was a young man of two or three-and twenty, when Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, or had just written in the old *Monthly Magazine* (of which one series had been lately collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers — then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by peddlers, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I had served my apprenticeship to Life.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, a paper — in the 'Sketches' called *Mr. Minns and His Cousin* — dropped

stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street — appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the streets, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business."

The author who writes this is CHARLES DICKENS. The event occurred in the year 1836, and Mr. DICKENS was then twenty-four years old. The business to which he and Mr. HALL fell resulted in the appearance of the first number of the "Pickwick Papers," and a new era in English literature. There is something very pleasant, something peculiarly agreeable to young persons who have just dropped into the post office their timid offering to some awful magazine, in this simple story of the exquisite delight of the youth who saw himself in print in a periodical which he revered, and was compelled to hide his glistening eyes in Westminster Hall. And can it be possible that this youth, who ran through the London streets in the twilight, clutching his precious prize, is the famous author, now fifty-five years old, of whom we read in the late papers that "At the farewell dinner given last Saturday evening at Freemason's Hall, in London, to Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, prior to his departure for America, Lord LYTON occupied the chair, and the following gentlemen officiated as stewards: Earl RUSSELL, the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, Lord HOUGHTON, ALFRED TENNYSON, Mr. GLADSTONE, ROBERT BROWNING, Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, the Dean of St. Paul's, Professor OWEN, A. H. LAYARD, THOMAS CARLYLE, WILKIE COLLINS, JOHN FORSTER, J. A. FROUDE, CHARLES KNIGHT, W. C. MACREADY, JOHN MURRAY, B. W. PROCTER (Barry Cornwall), ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and the Lord-Chief-Baron KELLY." What stewards! And what a guest! And what a dinner it must have been! Are the stewards waiters? Did the Dean of St. Paul's hand the soup, and THOMAS CARLYLE the fish, and JOHN MURRAY the roast, and Mr. GLADSTONE the boiled, and ALFRED TENNYSON the *pâtisserie*, Professor OWEN the pudding, and the Lord-Chief-Baron KELLY the old Stilton? And as the honored guest to whom this illustrious host of famous men offered the banquet looked down the tables, and thought of them and

of himself, did his eyes fill as in Westminster Hall, and with a purer pleasure?

It is in the very height of his renown that Mr. DICKENS makes his second visit to America. Those who look at our admirable and accurate portrait, and who recall the Boz of twenty-five years ago, will hardly recognize in this mature and thought-worn, even care-worn face, the blooming countenance of the young man with fresh cheeks, large, dark eyes, and flowing and abundant dark hair, in whose honour the ball at the old Park Theatre was given, and attended by everybody. What a simple folk we were! We could no more give such a ball to anybody now than we could annihilate the twenty-five intervening years. The old theatre was curiously changed for that great occasion. The pit—theatres had pits in those days—was of course floored over, and the balustrades of the various tiers of boxes were covered with canvas, and the ornaments painted upon it were representations of little libraries, and shelves of books, and piles and groups of books, with all the titles very plainly lettered; and they were all "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby." During the evening, from time to time, there were tableaux, and all the tableaux were scenes from the works of the immortal guest. And all the managers had ribbons suggestive of the great novelist. And when he came in there was such a tremendous rushing and squeezing, that those of us who wore costly lace and delicate dresses wished we had left them at home. Mr. DICKENS indulged in a red waistcoat upon the occasion, and we have been always of the opinion that it added greatly to the splendor and festivity of the evening. He was very quiet and modest, yet not without a sly twinkle sometimes in his eye, as if, like his Captain Cuttle, he were making a note of everything. And, indeed, what could a young man do in the focus of such public adulation? We complained bitterly that he made fun of us.

But think of what he did *not* say! Think how comical it really was, and then imagine what it must have been to the greatest humorist living! We do not mean it was anything to be ashamed of in itself; but the manner was droll. Yet let the manner go. It was a good thing to show, that if elsewhere cities and countries arose to honor kings and princes, worthy or unworthy, it was the great author whom we saluted with childlike enthusiasm. One, at least, of the youngest of the guests at the famous Boz ball remembers it and its occasion with complacency when he recalls the visit of

GEORGE IV. to Edinburgh, and the banquet, and the request of Sir Walter Scott—of all men in the world!—that he might preserve the precious glass from which the sacred royal lips had drunk the toddy!

Mr. DICKENS is not a Londoner born. He was born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812, and when he was a boy of three or four years old his father, who had held an office in the Navy Pay Department, became a reporter for the London newspapers. He intended CHARLES for an attorney, and he passed some time in an office, where he evidently kept his eyes and ears open. But he read literature rather than law, and following the leading of his taste and preference he, too, became a newspaper critic and reporter. He wrote for the *True Sun* and the *Morning Chronicle*, and it was in the latter paper that he published the series of "Sketches" of low London life, by Boz. This whimsical signature he had adopted from the nickname of a petted younger brother, whom CHARLES called Moses in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, "which," he says, "being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz." It was this series of sketches which led to the interview with Mr. HALL, which he has recorded. Since then the events of his life have been the publication of his stories.

With the beginning of the year 1846 he became editor of the *Daily News*, the liberal journal which was then started, and in this his "Pictures from Italy" were published. But he did not remain long in the daily editorial harness, although since 1850 he has been the conductor of a weekly periodical, first *Household Words*, and now *All the Year Round*. The editorship of these magazines, with the writing of his novels and all the other work which must inevitably fall upon a man so conspicuous, shows that he is a most faithful laborer. But a recently published letter speaks of his health as perfectly robust. Mr. DICKENS lives at Gadshill, some twenty miles or more from London, and he frequently walks into the city, which he and MACAULAY and DICKENS's old and warm friend, JOHN FORSTER, the historian, are said to have known more thoroughly than any men of their time. Like all English authors, he often slips over to the Continent (oh, brother-penmen, think of Paris as near as Boston!), with the utmost refreshment both for himself and for his readers. To his thoughtful observation in France and of French history we owe his "Tale of Two Cities," which in this country was first pub-

lished in this paper, and which is one of the most powerful of his works, and a terribly vivid chapter of real history. The hidden springs, the essential character, the social aspect and condition of France just before and during the Revolution, are nowhere more wonderfully exposed than in this story; and its conclusion is one of the most profoundly pathetic passages in English literature.

MR. DICKENS now comes among us to devote some three months to the readings which have become very celebrated. They are a kind of dramatic monologue, wholly original and unique, and of prodigious effect. They are another illustration of his extraordinary and exuberant genius. For DICKENS is not a writer of books merely. The force which is displayed in them is hardly less striking in other forms. His acting is so good that the spectator is ready to wish he had never done anything else; while the sparkling geniality of his nature is a well-spring of delight to his social companions. How well we remember a dinner at the artist CATTERMOLLE'S, in London, some years since. He lived in a suburb, and at considerable distance from a garden or park in which the manager of the Italian Opera that day gave a feast, at which Mr. DICKENS had promised to be present. But he had also promised CATTERMOLLE to be at his dinner. The guests assembled and the dinner-hour came, but still the host waited for Mr. DICKENS. When, however, it was pretty evident that it was impossible to wait longer, the company descended to the dining-room. There was an obvious shadow upon the feast, a palpable depression of disappointment. Everybody had counted upon something which had not appeared, and the dinner proceeded as it were under a cloud. But after an hour a ring was heard, and a bright look of expectation lightened along the table. The next moment there was a noise overhead in the hall, as if a party of boys had arrived at home for the holidays. It came nearer, and there was a jolly clattering down stairs. The door opened, and a universal smile of the reviving table saluted the long-delayed guest, who came in with his friend JOHN FORSTER. From that moment the feast was gay; and when the ladies rose and left the table and the children came in, they ran to DICKENS as a familiar friend. He seated them upon his knees, told them stories, and drew grotesque figures upon their slates, until they shouted and roared, and the good magician vowed that if they did not stop he would pull an

enormous sugar-plum out of his pocket and shoot them in the mouth.

THACKERAY, who was the only contemporary of DICKENS's who ever seriously disputed his laurels, pays the most generous tribute to him in his lecture upon Charity and Humor. Nor does he forget this fondness for children: "As for this man's love of children," says Mr. THACKERAY, "that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father." And to DICKENS's immense and genial sympathy Mr. THACKERAY does full justice. It really seems as if by his early Christmas books DICKENS had revived the true, kindly, Christian, Christmas spirit. They all make peace and goodwill to all men the plainest and most pressing duty and pleasure. "Was there ever," says THACKERAY, "a better charity sermon preached in the world than DICKENS's 'Christmas Carol?' I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef."

And now he comes to wish us a merry Christmas, and to help us to have it. He comes to set the chimes ringing and murmuring; the bells of a thousand happy associations, tender memories, sweet hopes, and bright faith. He comes as the chief of living lay-preachers, who from books as from high pulpits, and to Christendom as a confederation, preach the great, true, original, and eternal Gospel of love to God and love to man.

GAS FROM COFFEE.—M. Babinet, according to the *New York Tribune*, has reported to the French Academy the following information with regard to the evolution of gas during the process of making coffee. If finely ground roasted coffee be steeped in cold water, gas will be evolved to an extent about equal in volume to the quantity of water used; and this action will take place very rapidly. Inasmuch that if a bottle be half filled with coffee duly ground, and the remaining space then filled with water until the cork is reached, an explosion will ensue, sufficient in force to expel the cork, or even break the bottle.

From Warne's Christmas Annual.

CHRISTMAS IN THE DESERT.

BY MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

PART I.

It seemed all too good to be true: the rest from labour, the swift flight across southern seas, the landing amid strange, dark faces on a burnished shore, the slow, delicious journey through tamarisk groves and palm forests, and the halt in the Desert that came at last.

I had been doing for the last twelve months what young artists and authors are constantly doing to their own ruin, and the justifiable ill-humour of critics, namely, working against the grain. A sweet, generous, and beautiful patroness seeing me on the high road to brain fever or hopeless mediocrity, stepped forward in time and sent me to the Desert. If ever I achieve anything excellent, it will be owing to that lady, the Vittoria Colonna of her humble Michael Angelo. My little sister Mary came with me, and when I tell you that she was a teacher in a school, you will easily understand what an intoxicating thing it was for her to see a new world every day and have nothing to do from morning till night. The poor child could hardly believe in an existence without Czerny's scales being played on three or four pianos at once, and a barrel organ and brass band in the street. "Oh! Tom," she would say to me a dozen times a day, "I've got C scale, and 'Wait for the wagon' on my brain, and can't get rid of them," so that I verily believe to my beautiful Vittoria Colonna Mary's present well-being is due as much as my own.

We halted at a little military station on the borders of the Great Sahara, about a week before Christmas-day. The weather was perfect, and not too warm. A delicious mellow atmosphere enveloped palm, and plain, and mosque; the air, blown across thousands and thousands of acres of wild thyme and rosemary, refreshed us like wine: we seemed to have new souls and new bodies given us, and were as free from care as the swallows flying overhead. Travellers never came to Teshoun, as this little oasis is called: but we had placed ourselves under the guidance of an enterprising Frenchman, who transacted all sorts of business on the road between Mascara and Fig-gig, the last French post in the Desert. His name was Dominique,

and I shall always look upon him as the most remarkable man I ever knew. He was as witty as Sydney Smith, as clever at expediences as Robinson Crusoe, as shrewd a politician as Machiavelli, as apt at languages as Mezzofanti, and as brave as Garibaldi. Being a bachelor, Dominique was none the less ready to receive us, and with the help of an old Corsican named Napoleon, made us very comfortable. When Dominique was carrying His Imperial Majesty's mails to some remote stations southward, or gone to an Arab fair to buy cattle, Napoleon catered for us, and cooked for us, and did both admirably. Both master and servant spiced their dishes plentifully with that mother-wit, never seen in such perfection as in crude colonies where people without it would fare so ill.

"What are we to do for society for poor Mademoiselle?" asked Dominique, as he served our first dinner. "Monsieur can amuse himself with the officers of the garrison, but there are no ladies here."

"When my brother is out, I shall stay at home and talk to Napoleon," Mary said with a mock assumption of dignity. "I don't want to be amused, Monsieur Dominique."

"Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle! the officers of the garrison will all fall in love with you, and that ought to amuse you better than talking to Napoleon," Dominique answered. "It's a very dull life they lead here, these poor officers, and if it weren't for hunting gazelles and hyenas, and playing the deuce with the Arabs, they'd die of ennui; but a pretty young lady like you will turn their heads soon enough."

Mary blushed and tried to change the conversation.

"What do they do with themselves all day long?" she asked.

"I'll tell you that quickly enough, Mademoiselle. M. le Commandant has to see that the Cadi gets what he can out of the Cheiks, and the Cheiks get what they can out of the tribes, and that the tribes hold their tongue. That is what the Commandant has to do, young lady, and he does it pretty well. M. le Capitaine has an easier time of it, except when there is an insurrection, and then he makes a raid against the Arabs, and after keeping his men out of their way very cleverly, sticks up the French flag somewhere in the Desert and comes home. M. le Lieutenant does odd jobs for the Commandant and the Capitaine, and plays the flute, but we have got M. le Général down here for a few days, and he is setting everybody to work. I

dare say the end of it will be an expedition into the Desert. You may look, Monsieur, I'm not talking at random. I assure you; generals love war as umbrella makers love bad weather, and it is easier to make people fight, than it is to make it rain."

"I think French officers must be a wicked set; I hope none of them will come near us," Mary said. "The poor Arabs, how my heart bleeds for them!"

"Tiens! Mademoiselle, there is no reason for your heart to bleed. Big flies live on little ones all the world over, and if the French eat up the Arabs, the Arabs eat up each other, and would be starved else; the officers are very nice harmless gentlemen, I assure you; and as to the Commandant, though he thinks fighting the best fun in the world, he wouldn't hurt a fly. To see him pet his little gazelle would make you cry. She's the only lady in the place, and I believe if she died it would break his heart. But people must have something to be fond of. My old Napoleon yonder has taken a fancy to a cat, and when the cat dies, Napoleon will be as lost as his name-sake the Emperor was at St. Helena. Listen a moment, that's the Lieutenant practising on his flute, he has little a lodging next door."

The Lieutenant played very prettily, and Mary seemed to like his playing much better than Dominique's stories. As her room adjoined the Lieutenant's, she seems likely to have the full benefit of his musical capacities; but I do not think she lay awake to be serenaded that night. We were fairly intoxicated with the sweet air of the Desert we had been breathing all day, and went to bed at eight o'clock, too tired and happy to dream.

Next morning Dominique informed us that he had himself delivered our letter of introduction to M. le Commandant, who promised to wait upon us in the course of the day. Not knowing at what hour we might expect him, we set to work immediately after breakfast to prepare my room for the reception of so distinguished a visitor. I helped Mary as well as I was able, and when nothing remained to do but the dusting, retired into a recess to trim my beard.

An Englishwoman is never so well dressed as when she emerges from her bedroom at early morning; and I must say that Mary looked the daintiest little housewife possible to conceive as she went about dusting and polishing in a pink cambric dress and tiny black apron. But neat as she was and neat as my beard and the room were in a fair

way of becoming, we were overwhelmed with surprise and confusion at what followed, for quite suddenly the door was thrown open, there was a military tramp and a rattling of a sword outside and Dominique exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "M. le Commandant."

Impossible self-possession is a beautiful quality, and whilst Mary and I stood blushing and aghast, like school children caught at stealing cherries, M. le Commandant had made a courteous speech welcoming us to Teschoun. Then we all sat down, and M. le Commandant talked to us. He was a sunburnt soldierly man about fifty-five, with a rough manner but a kind smile, and we felt at home with him in a moment.

"I presume that Monsieur wishes to see as much of the country as possible," he said, "and I shall be enchanted to place at Monsieur's disposal, horses and my servant and a spahis as guides. But what will Mademoiselle do whilst her brother is away? I must send her my little gazelle to play with her."

"My sister will like to go with me where it is practicable," I said.

The Commandant opened his eyes, and looked at Mary much as one looks upon a pretty little duckling or a year-old baby.

"Monsieur is evidently jesting," he answered. "Mademoiselle would be too fatigued to undertake such journeys."

"I don't think so," Mary said; "I have no fear, Monsieur, and I like to be with my brother."

"Ah, what courage you English ladies have! Well, Mademoiselle, we will find you a quiet horse and make everything as pleasant as possible." And after inviting us to dine with him one evening and bidding us to make use of him in every possible way, he took leave of us.

"How nice he is!" cried Mary as soon as the door was fairly closed; "if all French officers were like this one, Tom, I think we shall not care how long we stay in the Desert —"

"Your heart has very quickly ceased to bleed for the poor Arabs, I see."

"But how can we be sure that that Dominique's stories are all true? No, Tom, I won't believe any harm of this kind-looking Commandant — I only wish he had not come till the room was tidied and I had got on a muslin frock, but as we are sure of having no more visitors I'll finish your room and then unpack."

We were fairly at our work again, when another military step sounded, and another sword rattled in the passage outside. This

time Dominique's arm swung back the door with less pomposity and Dominique's voice was a trifle less emphatic as he ushered in — "M. le Capitaine."

Again Mary and I scuttled about like young rabbits and then stood still staring shyly, and again our embarrassment was met by the calmest nonchalance. The second visitor was a man of much more presence than the Commandant. He had the polished graceful ease of a man of the world, and though quite as good natured as the Commandant, his good nature pleased us less, because it was less spontaneous.

"I hope you will stay some time at Teschoun," he said looking at Mary. "The ennui of our lives here is terrible. Think of it, Mademoiselle, we have no theatre, no music, no society, and no domestic life. To find a lady here is like the miraculous advent of an angel." Mary blushed and had no courage to make the sprightly answers she had made the Commandant. The fine air and grand compliments of the Capitaine overcame the little thing, but she looked distractingly pretty as she sat opposite to him, smiling and blushing when he addressed her and only saying, "Oui, Monsieur," or "Non, Monsieur," or at most — "Vraiment, Monsieur."

"Does Mademoiselle ride?" asked the gallant Capitaine.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Then Mademoiselle shall ride my little barb; there is hardly such a horse anywhere, Mademoiselle, so docile, so sweet-tempered, and so sure-footed. It is not every lady I would trust with my little horse, but I know how an English-woman can sit in the saddle, and I am proud to offer it to Mademoiselle."

"Je vous remercie bien, Monsieur."

Then the Capitaine talked of Christmas-day.

"We will have a little fête champêtre in Mademoiselle's honour," he said; "we will go to the great waterfalls of *Boisel-Kebir*, and breakfast there. I will invite my Commandant and all the officers of the garrison. Monsieur can make a sketch, and Mademoiselle can gather flowers."

We expressed ourselves delighted at the proposal, and, after promising to send Mary ostriches' eggs and jackals' skins to take to England, the Capitaine left us.

"I don't like the Capitaine so well as the Commandant," Mary said; "but how kind they all are to us! It is as if we were princes on a journey of triumph. Oh! Tom, what days to remember are these!"

"I think your head will be fairly turned,

what with the Commandant's dinners and the Capitaine's fêtes champêtres," I said, "and if the Lieutenant" —

"M. le Lieutenant," announced Dominique, opening the door calmly, as if nothing was the matter.

We had been twice so shocked and surprised that we had no more embarrassment to expend on the Lieutenant. Indeed, he was rather shy himself, which was the very thing to reassure a warm-hearted sympathetic little creature like my sister; and they began to talk together without any effort. He was young and handsome, with a very frank, pleasant expression.

"I am afraid that it is useless for me to offer my poor services," he said very modestly, "my superior officers having forestalled me, but it will make me very happy to do anything for you. If Mademoiselle would like any stuffed birds or dried flowers and plants, it will give me pleasure to procure them for her, and perhaps Monsieur would like me to show him some wonderful things to paint. I draw a little myself, and know where the finest points of view are to be found."

We thanked him heartily, and accepted all that he offered us. As it was now time for our second breakfast, or, more properly speaking, lunch, we pressed him to partake of it with us, which he did. We should not have ventured upon inviting the Commandant, much less the Capitaine, so unceremoniously, but the Lieutenant's diffident manner had set us quite at our ease.

"I have a very humble apartment," he said, "but if Monsieur and Mademoiselle will visit me, I will do the honours of it with pride and pleasure. I can at least offer them a little music."

"Yes, I know that you play," Mary said, smiling; "our rooms join, and I heard you playing before I went to sleep last night."

"Oh! Mademoiselle, I shall never forgive myself if I disturbed you" —

"No, indeed you did not, Monsieur. Much as I liked the music, I was too tired to listen to it, and went to sleep all the same."

Then they both laughed gleefully like children, and the Lieutenant promised to play to her and send her to sleep every night. After breakfast, he accompanied us on a tour of inspection. We soon saw all that there was to see of Teschoun, namely, a little line of bazaars kept by Jews and negroes, a little boulevard of a year's growth, two imposing-looking gates, one looking towards Morocco, one towards the Sahara, a straggling camp, and a wall of circumvallation.

tion. There were gardens in embryo here and there, but no trees of any size, and not till you had got fairly away from Teshoun, could you perceive that its aspect was striking or imposing. Then, looking back from the craggy heights that surrounded it, the white line of the camp and the belt of verdure encircling it like a ribbon, struck the eye as a pleasant contrast to the warm, yellow atmosphere of earth and sky. The warmth and the yellowness were delicious. A fresh, sweet breeze blew across our faces from the Desert. We sat down and drew it in with long, devouring breaths.

A hundred yards behind us, his bright brown body sharply outlined against the pale, amber-colored sky, stood a little Bedouin smiling down upon us.

It was a perfect personification of Eastern life, and I made a sketch whilst the Lieutenant told Mary of his hard campaign southward, and his joy at catching the first glimpse of Teshoun from the distance. When we returned home we found that the Commandant's servant had left a bunch of roses for Mary, with his master's compliments, that the Capitaine's servant had been sent round with his master's horse for her to try, and that the Général had sent word by his aide-de-camp that he would do himself the pleasure of calling upon us that evening. Mary and I felt utterly overwhelmed by such goodness and condescension. A real starred, laced Général was about to call on us! We could hardly believe that we were our identical insignificant selves, who, but for you, oh! most sweet and honoured patroness—would have sunk under the burden of toil imposed upon us. But how all was changed! The poor unknown artist was treated as if he had been Sir Peter Paul Rubens; the humble little school teacher was fêted and flattered like the wife of a conquering Commander-in-Chief.

We had invited the young Lieutenant to drink tea with us at eight o'clock, and were enjoying a little music after a very sociable fashion, when a noisy excitement seemed to shake the house like the shock of an earthquake, and M. le Général was announced in Dominique's most impressive manner.

M. le Général was by no means an awful looking person, and indeed we had so largely expended our surprise already, that we had no more at command. He was an excessively stout, merry person, middle-aged, of a beautiful complexion, and a capacity to wink that would have vulgarized any one else but a general. He made himself very pleasant,

accepted a cup of tea, praised Mary's French, said that he intended to dine with us at the Commandant's to-morrow, and told us some laughable stories about the Arabs. I noticed that the Lieutenant seemed quite overawed by the presence of the Général, and sat flute in hand, like a statue. Mary tried to put him at his ease, but to no purpose. It did not mend matters when the Général began first to twit him about his musical accomplishments, and then to catechize him on military matters.

"You were in that affair of '59, in Kabylia, weren't you?" he asked in that quick, positive, military tone, to which we with difficulty got accustomed.

"Oui, mon Général."

"It was a badly managed thing, I believe. The Kabyles got the better of you more than once, didn't they?"

"I believe so, mon Général."

"Bah!" cried the Général, turning to me. "You see what these young officers know of their trade; I have no doubt that Monsieur le Lieutenant's musical education is much more advanced, and to serenade Mademoiselle suits him much better than to make war against the enemies of his country."

And, at the mention of the enemies of his country the Général indulged in a wink. When he was ready to go he sent the Lieutenant to order up his horse, much as if he had been a little boy of ten years old; and on taking leave added half a dozen commissions in the same peremptory tone. The poor Lieutenant listened very submissively, but no sooner had the Général dashed down the street, followed by his servant, equally well mounted, than he grew gay and easy again.

As soon as we were alone, Mary brought out her slender supply of gala dresses, and we discussed the important subject of her toilette of the next evening.

"It seems to me," I said, "that if you dress for the Lieutenant, you will displease the Capitaine; if you dress for the Capitaine, you will displease the Commandant; and if you dress for the Commandant, you will displease the Général."

Mary gathered up her fineries in alarm. "Don't you think I had better stay away from the dinner altogether, Tom?"

"By no means," I said, "settle the matter by dressing to please me."

Which she accordingly did, and the result was a semi-moresque, dainty and glowing bit of costume quite in keeping with the time and place.

PART II.

PRECISELY at seven o'clock we presented ourselves at the Commandant's, Mary looking very pretty in her transparent white dress, brilliant sack of Tunis silk, and necklets and bracelets of coral and palm-seeds. The little thing had such loving dark eyes, such a soft bloom on her cheeks and such a sweet mouth, that I could hardly blame the Général for wishing to have her sit beside him at dinner. The Commandant being a little shy, would have given up all his privileges as host, but the Général insisted upon the Commandant leading her in, and she sat between the two. It was very mortifying for the Capitaine and the Lieutenant; the former made an effort to be complimentary and entertaining across the table, but the latter looked quite crest-fallen, and hardly raised his eyes from his plate. When we retired to the drawing-room matters went a little better. The tame gazelle was brought in for Mademoiselle Marie to see, and whilst the Général and the Commandant had a long discussion on military affairs, the rest of us sported with the pretty creature and made pleasant plans for the morrow. Then an amusing game of cards was set on foot, over which we were growing very merry, when up came the Général and the Commandant.

"Eh, bien!" said the Général, slyly nudging the Capitaine. "We have not been so engrossed but we heard one or two pleasant things talked of. Upon my word, Capitaine, I am half disposed not to go to Mascara till after your picnic to the water-falls."

"You will do my poor little fête great honour, mon Général," answered the Capitaine, adding naively, "but I think that the wild geese flying northwards mean rain."

"Not a bit of it. We shall have no rain till a fortnight after Christmas. Mademoiselle Marie, I shall do myself the honour of offering you one of my horses to ride" —

"Mademoiselle has already condescended to accept mine," the Capitaine put in with stiffness.

"Mademoiselle Marie, this gentleman has no horse fit to carry a lady. The brute he offers you has no more mouth than an elephant. Keep on the safe side and ride mine, which is a lamb, I assure you, Mademoiselle — a lamb."

The Général spoke in jest, but the Capitaine was very near losing his temper. Mary being thus appealed to, thought to extricate herself from the difficulty by declaring herself half afraid of riding either horse,

being an inexperienced horsewoman. But both the gentlemen had mules, and both the gentleman's mules were the best. Poor Mary coloured and looked at me in despair.

"I think," I said, "that the safest plan will be for my sister to try the horses and see which suits her the best."

Then the different routes to the water-falls were discussed, and the different *Douars* or Arab villages where it would be best to have a *Diffa* or feast provided, Mary's judgment being asked in every instance. All this time the Lieutenant had turned over the leaves of a newspaper very meekly, and the Commandant had caressed his tame gazelle. As soon as she could politely free herself, Mary went up to him.

"How pretty and playful and fond it is!" she said, stooping down to stroke the little creature. The grave face of the Commandant brightened.

"Yes, it would be very *triste* here without the little thing."

"Do you never go to France, Monsieur?"

"I shall perhaps go in two years' time, but you see Mademoiselle, that is a long time to look forward to, and if my mother should not be living, I might as well stay here."

"Do you like fighting the Arabs in the Desert, then, Monsieur?"

"Mademoiselle, when one takes up the profession of arms, fighting and exile are *choses entendues*; I often sigh for a settled domestic life, but I might have been worse off. I might have gone to Mexico, for instance."

The Commandant's manner was so simple, so manly and so tinged with sadness, that I think any woman would have sympathized with him as much as my little sister Mary did. She, poor child, having lived all her life in a school-room, was quite ready to make a hero of any man who smiled kindly upon her; and here were four heroes, in handsome uniforms, all smiling upon her at once! There was the sweet sense of youth drawing her to the Lieutenant, but I think the Commandant stood next in her favour, and she could not for a moment forget the courteous kindness of the other two.

"It must be all a dream, Tom," she said, as she gave me her good-night kiss; "but oh! if it is a dream, don't let me wake yet."

We dreamed some wonderful things in the next few days. Dominique made us get up one morning very early, and drove us in his little wooden gig to an Arab encampment miles away in the Desert. It was dawn when we started, and large, pale

stars were shining in a violet sky: then, like a gorgeous butterfly emerging from a dusky chrysalis, came the Eastern day, and we felt as if living on a world warmed by a hundred suns. The warm, intoxicating light took possession of our senses, and so sweet, so rarefied, so indescribably delicious was the air, that it seemed to give wings to our dull bodies. Every now and then we were overtaken by clouds of locusts, their little wings glistening like diamonds against the soft sky, or flocks of starlings darkened the air, or a serried line of wild geese passed majestically overhead. Then we came to the tents, and at our approach a dozen dogs rushed out to snap and snarl, and a hundred little naked children scampered and scuttled across the way. A stately Bedouin made us welcome, and whilst Dominique transacted business with him, his women gathered round us, chattering and grinning like children. Then we were feasted upon cous-cous-sou and figs, and took leave after many salamaleks.

Another day we went out hunting gazelles, bivouacking along a river side, and feasting, Arab fashion, off a sheep roasted whole. Dominique had found a pretty little French girl, daughter of a travelling farrier, to act as Mary's handmaid; and she now felt less isolated among so many men, and less shy too. The poor child stood a fair chance of being spoiled, what with suddenly finding herself transformed from a school-room Cinderella to a fairy-tale princess, and having four lovers, all heroes, at once. For it was impossible to deny that the Général, the Commandant, the Capitaine, and the Lieutenant, all behaved like lovers, presenting her with jackal skins, ostriches' plumes and eggs, rare birds, and other treasures of the Sahara. The Général went so far as to give her a little negro boy about ten years old, though this gift we had accepted only temporarily, not quite knowing what to do with him when we left Teshoun.

Christmas-day came at last. Mary had artfully evaded the delicate point about horses, by declaring herself afraid of every one's beast but Dominique's; accordingly, mounted on Dominique's ugly hack, she led the way with the Général, her long, bright hair flowing in curls over her shoulders, her cheeks glowing with excitement. The pleasure and picturesqueness of the last few days — for Mary had an artistic perception of beauty — had brought out a new side to her character; and she quite surprised me from time to time with her saucy humour and quick repartee.

We made a brilliant cavalcade, what with the uniform of the officers, and the richly embroidered saddles and bright-red burnouses of our attendant spabis. After riding for some miles across a monotonous tract of stony desert, we came to a majestic sierra of crag, down which fell a dozen waterfalls, narrow and bright as sword-blades. A thin little stream threaded the ravine, and on its banks grew clumps of the tamarisk, the oleander, and the thuya, making an oasis grateful to the eyes. Here we sat down and ate our Christmas breakfast, with stray thoughts of village bells chiming at home in England, and school children lustily singing their Christmas hymns.

Our host, the Capitaine, had provided a sumptuous feast of desert fare, roast quails and plovers, cous-cous-sou, figs, dates, and bananas, with the addition of champagne; and we were very merry.

"Mademoiselle," said the Capitaine, "think what our next Christmas will be if you are not here. Persuade Monsieur, your brother, to purchase some land between Mascara and Teshoun, so that we shall not lose you altogether."

The Général nudged the Commandant.

"You see what our friend the Capitaine is dreaming of! Mon Capitaine, your escadron is sure to be sent into the interior this spring; put all romances out of your head, my dear fellow, and do not entice Monsieur into the committal of follies."

"I am not the only one to entertain romances," said the Capitaine coolly. "You, mon Général, did us all the honour to spend Christmas at Teshoun. We can but attribute such a condescension to the gracious influence of Mademoiselle."

"Look well after the Commandant when I am gone, gentlemen," continued the Général, looking round with a smile. "Matters are gone so far already that he loses temper if a fellow-officer but jests with him. What a terrible slur it would be upon the glorious annals of French-African conquest, if such a brave officer should show himself fonder of stuffing birds for an English demoiselle than running swords through ungrateful Arabs!" and the Général looked round with a very comical expression of mock horror.

"Mademoiselle has indiscriminately accepted our tokens of homage," the Commandant said maliciously.

"But it yet remains to be seen, whose offering has been most acceptable to her," went on the Général, adding *au grand se-*

rieux, "we wont resort to duels unless absolutely necessary."

This sort of banter lasted so long that poor Mary's cheeks burned with mixed vanity and mortification, and she made an excuse to leave us.

"And what does our Lieutenant advise Monsieur to do?" asked the Général, "to settle here or to follow his escadron to the Desert?" whereupon the poor Lieutenant coloured, and said nothing.

What an experience it was, that Christmas-day in the Desert! The noonday sun seemed to dissolve in the warm atmosphere; and instead of a single orb, shining overhead, large and golden, we had melted suns innumerable about us, and almost lost the sense of corporeity in their charmed medium.

When the short bright day waned, and the large stars were coming out one by one, we found ourselves near home; and when the heavens had turned to bluish black, and the stars to splendid silvery moons, we passed under the gate of *Teschoun*, and saw our shadows, darker and deeper than real things, fall across the white walls of mosque and fortress. For shadow and substance lose their identity in the Desert, and one is always on the point of mistaking the one for the other: if any thing, shadow is the more real of the two.

So absorbed was I in the suggestions of this mysterious beauty, that I had-forgotten all about my sister's lovers, till we were fairly in our little sitting room. Then Mary began to sigh and to blush, and to hint that she thought we had better leave *Teschoun* very soon.

"You see, Tom dear," she said with tears in her eyes, "the Général says he adores me, and the Commandant says he never loved any one in the world till he saw me, and the Capitaine says that if I go away he will blow his brains out, and what am I to do?"

"And the Lieutenant — what did he say?"

"He says nothing," said Mary, looking down, "and" — here came a sob — "and I like him best of all!"

"But, if he does not declare the same liking for you, we must leave him out of the question, and close between the other three, I suppose."

"He does not speak, because he is too modest: I'm sure he likes me," Mary added still ready to cry.

"His state of feeling does not help us much, unless expressed," I replied; "mean-

time, what am I to say to the Général, the Commandant, and the Capitaine, if they ask to marry you?"

The little thing plucked at the folds of her riding skirt in the greatest perplexity. "I like the Général, and I like the Commandant, and I ought not to dislike the Capitaine; but I cannot marry one without offending the others, and, if I were to marry out here in the Desert, Tom, would you stay too?"

We had been living in such utter fairy-land lately, that I felt as if it were quite possible for me to marry some brown-skinned, soft-eyed Rebecca, and turn *Mahometan*. But, in any case, could I desire for my sister a happier fate than to marry one of these brave gentlemen, and live in the sunny South all the rest of her days? She would be rescued from a life of toil and friendliness, and have another protector besides her Bohemian of a brother.

"My dear child," I said, "it would be impossible for me to say that our lives should be spent together; but you may be quite sure that nothing would utterly divide them. The chief point is — of all your lovers, whom do you love?"

To this question, I could elicit no positive reply. Mary, in fact, was half in love with the Général and the Commandant, and wholly in love with the Lieutenant, and was quite incapable of deciding her own fate.

"You must not laugh at me," she said simply, as we bade each other good-night, "it is so new to me to have lovers, and so delightful, that I wish I could go on forever being happy, and making them happy, without marrying either." Then she blushed, and ran off to bed.

The next morning we were taking our early coffee, when we heard a clatter of horses' feet, and, looking out, saw one of the Général's splendid brown-skinned red-cloaked spahis, dashing into the town at a furious rate. He pulled up at Dominique's door, and, letting his little barb prance and rear at will, looked towards us, showing his white teeth, and waving a letter in one hand.

I left my breakfast, and ran down to him. We exchanged "*salamaleks*," and then he put the letter in my hand, adding in broken French, "*Le Général — envoyeur cela — va faire la guerre — la-bas*." Then he put spurs to his horse's flanks, and dashed away as fast as he had come.

I broke the seal of the Général's letter, which ran as follows: —

"MONSIEUR, — This morning at day-break I received telegraphic information* that a serious rising has taken place among the tribes southward of Fig-gig, and I have resolved to march upon them without delay. Judge, Monsieur, how more than sorry I am to be forced to quit the society of your charming sister and yourself without making my adieux; but a soldier's duty forces him from the consummation of his fondest desires, when such a consummation seems close at hand, and I go, if not with joy, at least without unsoldierly reluctance. I shall never forget, Monsieur, this episode, an oasis in the desert of my military life, and, whilst wishing for Mademoiselle and yourself all possible prosperity, I hope you will remember Teschoun and the poor exiled officers there, who will never think of you both without regret.

"I feel it right under the grave circumstances of the revolt to advise your speedy return to Mascara, and will order a trusty escort to be in readiness for you when you shall require it.

"Meantime, receive, Monsieur, the expression of my utmost esteem.

"DE MARION."

We were both of us talking over the astounding contents of the Général's letter, when Napoleon came in, full of news. The insurgents numbered thousands, and there were skirmishing parties close to Teschoun. Teschoun would be most likely besieged, as it had been more than once, &c., &c. As the day wore on, the excitement increased. Little groups of French or Jewish shopkeepers collected together, and talked gravely, Arabs walked about in stately fashion, smiling superciliously. In the French camp it was the old story on a lesser scale —

"And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed."

And so great was the need for hurry, that we doubted whether we should see either of our gallant hosts again. Late in the afternoon, however, the Capitaine paid us a formal, sentimental visit, and after him came the good Commandant, who stood up before us, square and stiff, and stammered out a word or two with tears in his kind eyes. Mary held out her little hand; but

* There is telegraphic communication further south than this.

he seemed overcome with shyness or sadness, or both, and rushed away without having taken it.

Last of all, when we had quite given him up, came the poor Lieutenant: he had been busy on a hundred errands for his superior officers, and had only five minutes to spare. We can never do any thing with a few last moments, and Mary and the Lieutenant exchanged rings, and he went off to fight the disaffected Arabs as happy as a king!

So I quietly left them under the pretext of fetching a cigar, and when I returned, at the close of the fifth minute, all that was necessary had been said. We then embraced each other after the hearty French fashion. Mary and the Lieutenant exchanged rings, and he went off to fight the disaffected Arabs as happy as a king!

It was a fine sight to see the troops march out of Teschoun. Colour is really colour in the South, and the lines of blue Zouaves and crimson Spahis against the mellow afternoon sky, were vivid and picturesque beyond description. On they went, arms flashing, drums beating, colours flying, till the last column had turned the hill, and then evening came on all at once, and we felt a dreary sense of disenchantment creeping over us. It was as if we had been dreaming during the last few weeks, and now we were waked indeed! Dominique recalled us to ourselves with a cynical smile.

"Bah!" he cries, "it's all play, let 'em pretend to put down insurrection as often as they please. It is good for trade and for promotion, and the Arabs know how to defend themselves." But events falsified this sarcasm of Monsieur Dominique's, for the insurrection proved to be serious, and it was months before we heard of our Lieutenant.

When we did hear, the news was good; and the news of him, and of his English wife, — dowered by our Vittoria Colonna — has been good ever since.

From the Nation.

JOSIAH QUINCY.*

THE literary canon which affirms that a biography ought not to be written, and cannot be satisfactorily written, by a son or a near relative of its subject, even if it be grounded in truth and reason — which may be questioned — has very little efficacy to

* "Life of Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts. By his son, Edmund Quincy." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

prevent what it forbids, and has been in many signal cases discredited. Mr. Edmund Quincy has not regarded it, and he certainly has not in his own case furnished an example which confirms the canon. There are men eminently worthy of a biography who would probably never receive one except one volunteered from the circle of their near kindred. We doubt whether the family of the late Josiah Quincy would have allowed his voluminous and rich papers to pass into the hands of any one whom kinship or close intimacy or strong sympathy of appreciation would not have disposed to such an admiring view of his subject as would involve the ordinary risks of filial partiality towards him. We have read another memoir of Mr. Quincy covering less than a quarter of the pages of the book before us, and a model piece it is in style and method. It is the memoir prepared by Rev. Dr. Walker at the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and published in the last volume of their proceedings. Mr. Quincy's third successor in the presidency of Harvard College does not fall behind his son in the warmth or fulness of his admiration for his subject, nor make any other or greater abatements on the score of infirmities or deficiencies than are allowed for in the filial tribute.

The truth is, the character, make, and mould of President Quincy, and the strong assertion and manifestation of his noble individuality through the whole range of his private and public career, would, we may almost say, baffle the attempt of any biographer to present him as other than he was. His son has illustrated and enriched his volume with too many utterances through pen and voice, and with too many disclosures of the antagonistic relations of his honoured father, to allow any reader of his pages to ascribe to him an excess of filial partiality. The image of the grand "Old Roman," as the contemporaries of his later years loved to call him, is shown to us faithfully delineated as he really was in the tissue and substance of his form, in look and presence. He was made of some of the best and finest of our common clay. What must have been beauty of feature in his youth remained with him as a manly nobleness and dignity into his ninety-third year, when with an undimmed mind or eye, an undulled ear, and an approving, and trusting heart, he saw "land after a long navigation." When Mr. Quincy had lived about half his life, his friend and relative and intimate acquaintance from childhood, the elder Adams, used to say that he "was the most fortu-

nate man he had ever known in his long life — fortunate in his ancestors, in his position in society, in his wife and children, in everything; indeed, the most remarkable instance of good fortune he had ever met with in his wide experience." All this was, if possible, even more strikingly true of the lot and experience of Mr. Quincy in the other half of his years.

Edmund Quincy, founder of the American family of Quincys, landed in Boston, Sept. 4, 1633. He came from Ackwich, in Northamptonshire, England, and must have been a man of substance as a land-owner, for he brought with him six servants. He bought of an Indian sachem a tract of land in the town now bearing his name, ever since and now in the possession of his descendants, offering broad acres for cultivation, and bordering on the bay, so that every vessel coming into or leaving the harbor of Boston was in plain sight from the dwelling. This was from the first the home of a patriotic stock of men and women; and as the head of the household was always a magistrate and a man of high place in civil, judicial, or military service in the colony, province, and State, there were always some special reasons for watchfulness or anxiety on the part of the family from the possible raids of seamen or the visit of a gunboat. The late Josiah Quincy was the only son of Josiah Quincy, Jr., youngest son of Colonel Josiah Quincy, son of Judge Edmund Quincy, son of Lieut-Col. Edmund Quincy, son of the first emigrant. He was born in Boston, Feb. 4, 1772. His patriot father, distinguished from his earliest years, died off Gloucester, in sight of his native shores, on April 26, 1775, on his return passage from England, whither he had gone in failing health on a confidential mission from the leaders of the cause then just baptized in blood at Lexington. His widow — he was at his death but thirty-one years of age — was the faithful guardian and the fond companion of her son till her own comparatively early death, when she had seen him established in a house and with a wife of his own, entering on a career of singularly varied services, all of them performed with conspicuous ability, with entire devotedness, and with an unspotted and never-questioned integrity.

That career, besides a continuous series of private literary, benevolent, and agricultural activities, embraced a succession of offices — Congressional, State, judicial, municipal, and academic — which, strange to say, found him not only eminently qualified at the start to assume them, but also received

from the fidelity, zeal, and practical wisdom with which he filled them a new honor and dignity, raising the standard of exactions on those who might be called to succeed him in each of them. Mr. Quincy seems to have met an emergency in each of the stations which he filled. He was called to them in turn when they especially needed his energy, zeal, integrity, and business capacity. His noble traits of character, and his proved facility as an administrative and executive functionary, nominated him for all the offices which he held, and he never sought an office by his own prompting, nor failed of election to any for which he had consented to be a candidate. In each and all of them he has left visible evidence and fruits, of which his biographer can at best give us only verbal descriptions. The city of Boston and Harvard College were reconstructed under his administration. There was in him a most goading, restless, and resolute impulse to possess himself of the mastery of all the knowledge, means, and auxiliaries necessary for renewing, revivifying, and expanding every institution and interest which he had in charge. And when, by upturning and overturning and reforming and securing permanency and prosperity for all these institutions and interests, he had satisfied his conscience in that direction, then he loved to sit down and write the history not of his own doings, but of the things which he had wrought upon. Running through his administration of every trust we mark the same personal characteristics, the most rigid conscientiousness, an entire superiority to all personal interests, a regard to the loftiest considerations, the service of noble and large public ends, and a view to prospective uses and benefits for a long posterity. Such were the man and the career rehearsed in the volume before us, by no means with undue warmth or partiality of filial affection.

His public career was introduced by an honor more frequently reserved for those who have won it—the delivery of the Fourth of July oration in Boston when he was twenty-six years old. The fustian and bombast which in later times have made most of that class of productions offensive to good taste, and matters for literary ridicule and patriotic mortification, found a more becoming if a no less intense substitute in the earlier productions. The material for declamatory outbursts and patriotic appeals was then more legitimate and less hackneyed. Mr. Quincy's manner, tone, and sentiments gave an earnest of that vehemence, impetuosity, and stern severity

of denunciation which afterwards were popularly regarded as marking his oratorical individuality. It seems to us now, as we read over his most trenchant and obnoxious utterances in Congress, that the notoriety and emphasis given to his harsher characteristics led in no slight degree to an undervaluing or a failure of appreciation of the solid, instructive, and thoroughly freighted matter of his addresses. They were keeled and ribbed and planked with live timber.

It was as a member of the Senate of Massachusetts in 1804-5 that Mr. Quincy won the right in his old age to refer back to what he had publicly said in warning the North against the plots and purposes of Southern slaveholders either to rule or to ruin this country.

When Mr. Quincy, having passed the age of ninety, appeared at the triennial festival of the alumni of Harvard, and received the storm of admiring and reverential applause as he rose to speak as their ex-president, a strain of vivacity and humor got the mastery of him. It was with a strange confusion between his youthful vigor and his reference to his own entrance upon Congressional life almost before any of the throng around him had been born, that all hung on his words. He told them that when, at the infantile age of twenty-eight, he was nominated by the Federalists for Congress, the Democratic papers jeeringly called for a cradle to rock the bantling in.

That infantile representative proved to be in the eye and hearing of the Democratic party in Congress a most obstreperous and ungovernable child. There were many who would gladly have subjected him to the usual discipline; but they found that they had to deal with a man whom they could neither corrupt nor quiet nor intimidate. He let them know that he should neither give nor accept a challenge to a duel, and that though he intended to speak only what was true, and that without personalities, he meant to declare fearlessly and fully, plainly and emphatically all his mind upon every subject of public concern, however unpopular or hateful his opinion or utterance might be; and he did so.

The portion and contents of this biography which relate more immediately to merely local interests will be most attractive to those who cherish the traditions and associations of the literary and historical centre of Massachusetts. There are matters in it which are vitally related to the far broader concerns of our whole country,

and which, dating primarily from the early years of our nationality, have a direct bearing upon some recent events. It has been said by men of deliberate judgment and speech among us that Mr. Quincy was the first citizen of the United States who ever advanced the doctrine of absolute State sovereignty as a basis of the right of secession by a single State; and this, too, on the floor of Congress. He certainly did something very like that, and, though called to order for it, the Speaker ruled that he had a right to proceed. His biographer introduces a plea for him by way of distinguishing broadly between the grounds on which he would have justified secession with the measures for effecting it, and the position, intention, and method of carrying out their purpose adopted by the Southern States. The casuistry of the matter, of course, admits of this distinction; but if secession in any form may be resisted by the national will and force, it is hardly worth while to argue for any particular form or plea under which it may claim a moral instead of an immoral intent.

We have already intimated that the biographer of Mr. Quincy has abundantly enriched his pages from his father's own papers and productions. He would hardly have dealt justly with his readers had he done otherwise. There have been floating about in an unconnected, and therefore unexplained way, a few sharp, epigrammatic, and even unpatriotic and ill-tempered sentences attributed to Mr. Quincy in public speeches, which, thus reported, do him injustice. Yet what reader of our abounding books which lie close at hand, even if he were perusing a condensed memoir of Mr. Quincy, will be inclined to hunt out the original pamphlet or newspaper reports of his speeches, and follow them backward and forward into the debates with which they ought to be incorporated? We have been grateful to the biographer for saving us the trouble which, we fear, we should not have confronted. Copious extracts from those speeches, especially the most trenchant passages of them, enable us to account for the intense odium which Mr. Quincy drew to himself from Democratic, from Southern, and even from some of his own Federal associates in Congress. And he was himself only the most conspicuous object of that odium, while the reason of the fact explains the larger fact of Southern hatred towards New England.

We can well understand how exasperating and passion-stirring were many of the speeches of Mr. Quincy, independently of

the tenor of the argument and the political views which they expressed. He claimed to represent, in his own person and character, as well as in his office, a moral and religious community with whom scruples of conscience had the force of law, and Christian principles were regarded as of supreme authority. The implication thus was that he stood on a higher level, spoke from a loftier plane, and acted by a severer rule of conduct than was recognized by those whose policy and principles he opposed. If it were true—and there was much that seemed to prove it to be true—that Southern politicians were many of them morally inferior to him, it would not be likely that his telling them so should conciliate their respect, certainly not in speech. At any rate, they knew he had a sharp tongue, that he imputed base motives, and that, so far as severity and sarcasm could infuriate and embitter an opponent, he was not restrained by any high principle which he professed from using them. Having had his say, he would not stand by his words reinforced by the weapons of the duellist, but pleaded conscience for refusing an adversary the usual *satisfaction*. Those who could reconcile his practice and his profession, and who were willing to do so, might see reason for approving his course even if they did not themselves adopt it. But those who felt most stingingly the rebuke of his tongue and the reflected contempt of their own last resource for wounded honor, thought themselves justified in suspecting him of self-righteousness. A large generalization upon his own course in debate and avowed scruples of conscience has led to that mixed disdain, jealous and scornful, which so many Southern politicians have expressed for puritanic New England.

There are in the volume very many interesting letters addressed to Mr. Quincy by a wide circle of correspondents, but we marvel that more of his own to them have not been given to us. Not the least among the pleasing surprises, for the general reader will be the proofs and tokens of the strange friendship between the fantastic John Randolph and Mr. Quincy, the only friend with whom the Roanoke eccentric never quarrelled. He appears in a more amiable and engaging character in these lively letters than in any other series from his pen which we have before met with.

As a whole, the contents of this volume fill a gap in the literature of our political history and present an adequate portraiture of an admirable man.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

THE LIFE OF JOSIAH QUINCY.

SOME years ago Carlyle said that he found the "Acta Sanctorum" the most profitable reading among all books of human production. For us who are to work out the application of Christianity to politics, government, and the whole range of our earthly relations, the acts of our dead worthies are at least equally important and valuable. The men who have most truly embodied the great ideas which underlie our national life are our best teachers and exemplars. Even those who have been led by force of circumstances or education into channels aside from the main current of democratic progress are worth knowing well, provided their lives have illustrated those sterling virtues without which democracy, like all other forms of government, must prove a failure.

Of this class was Josiah Quincy, whose life has just been written and published by his son Edmund. A nobler, purer, or more stalwart specimen of the old school of Federalists could not have been selected as a subject for the biographer, and in this case filial devotion has been by no means the principal qualification for the work. Now that the conscientiously entertained fears of this old school of politicians as to the ability of the people to govern themselves have been largely dispelled, we can be all the more tolerant of the political errors of men who, like Quincy, worked so efficiently and honestly for the maintenance of what they regarded as correct political principles. They were, at all events, men of sturdy uprightness and altogether American. Their lives are a precious inheritance, whose value is not lost because they may have been somewhat cramped by provincialism or somewhat embittered by opposition to resistless tendencies.

The life of Josiah Quincy was so long and so much occupied with public functions that its narrative must give a sort of epitome of the history of New England since the Revolutionary era. In fact, his biographer properly takes us back to the early colonial days, when Edmund Quincy, in 1633, arrived in Boston, in company with the Rev. John Cotton. From that time to the present the Quincy family have been honorably prominent in the public and private life of New England, the position occupied by its representatives in one generation being taken by those of the next, by virtue of inherited ability and character. Born

in Boston in 1772, Josiah Quincy's recollections went back with much distinctness to the revolutionary period, and, as given by his biographer, possess the interest which attaches to all such reminiscences of an era fast growing shadowy and dim. The first years of his young manhood were happily passed with his mother in Boston. The sketch given by the biographer of the metropolis of New England in that day is so well drawn that we will furnish at least one extract.

He says: —

"In this charming home, with so admirable a companion, those fresh years of life glided happily away. Boston, though the second town in importance in the United States, contained but eighteen thousand inhabitants. It was full of 'garden houses,' such as lingered in London as late as Milton's time, and in one of which he once lived. Many of its streets — and Pearl street was one of them — resembled those of a flourishing country-town rather than of the capital of a sovereign state. Cows were pastured, long since this century came in, where the thick houses of a dense population now crowd one another for room. Boys played ball in the streets without disturbance or danger from the rush of traffic. The Common was then, and for a quarter of a century later, properly and technically 'a common,' upon which every inhabitant had the right of pasturing his cow. These 'milky mothers,' indeed, were very prominent members of society at that time and for long afterwards, and had or took the freedom of the city with a perfect self-complacency, perambulating the streets at their own free will and pleasure. The same privileges and immunities were enjoyed by them in Boston that were extended then, and until within my own observation, in New York, to less pastoral and uncleaner beasts. Those were days of small things and slow communications. The American cities and communities were then individual and distinct in their characteristics, to a degree scarcely conceivable in these days of multiplied population and universal travel. A journey to New York, then a small city of thirty thousand souls, was a much rarer event in life than a voyage to Europe now. It took nearly as long, and was attended with greater danger and discomfort. Two stage-coaches and twelve horses sufficed for the travel between the two chief commercial places on the continent in 1790, and the journey consumed a week. The visits of strangers were rare events, and always the occasions of general and eager hospitality. The Boston of that day was a pleasant place to live in. It was well recovered from the financial embarrassments which accompanied and followed the Revolutionary war; and the revival of commerce, and the opening of fields to the enterprise of the merchants, closed against them in the days of

colonial dependence, were the cause of a great and growing prosperity.

The intercourse of the cultivated society for which Boston was distinguished was conducted on simple and easy terms. The hours were early. Private parties were elegant, according to the fashion of the time, but infrequent in comparison with friendly gatherings of a more informal and unceremonious kind. Public assemblies collected the principal inhabitants once a fortnight in Concert Hall, where the minuet and country dance yet held their own against revolutionary innovations. Solemn dinner parties, after the English fashion, were of common occurrence, often long protracted over the discussion of politics, and of the rare growths of Madeira, then the favourite wine, and, indeed, almost the only one in use."

Such pictures as this of the New England social life of the time relieve it of much of the stiffness and sombre features with which it is often invested; and it is pleasant to know, that, even at that time when local prejudices were very strong against some forms of amusement now generally accepted, Mr. Quincy was an advocate of the rational enjoyment of the drama. His biographer says, —

"For instance, the theatre had fought its way over the prejudices, or the sound objections, of Puritan tradition, and had established itself as one of the recognised institutions of the town. Mr. Quincy, like the most of lively and intelligent young men, loved a play, and took a warm interest in the conflict which raged for a while between the old ideas and the new over this innovation. He used to assist, in the French sense of the word, at the 'Moral Lectures' entitled 'The School for Scandal,' or 'The Belle's Stratagem,' under which disguise the drama sought at first to avoid the penalties of the old prohibitory laws. He was present when the sheriff, by Governor Hancock's directions, made his first appearance on the stage in the midst of a performance, arrested the actors, and carried them off in custody to answer for their misdeeds. He helped to swell the public opinion, which, provoked by this severity of persecution, as the friends of the drama esteemed it, not long afterwards compelled the repeal of the old laws, and procured the charter of the Boston Theatre. And he was one of the crowd that thronged its auditorium on the opening night, to celebrate the triumphant issue of the contest, and to witness what really marked an epoch in the history of the manners of New England."

We give the above as showing a less familiar phase of Mr. Quincy's character than those which have been exhibited by his career as a politician and as the president

of Harvard University. With all of his Roman firmness, adhesiveness to principle, and unequivocal hostility to what he deemed wrong in state or church, there was a kindly side to his nature, which was open to all legitimate social pleasures.

The account given by Mr. Edmund Quincy of the public services of his father is singularly free from any evidence that filial piety has blinded his eyes to unpleasant traits in Josiah Quincy's character, or inclined him to do injustice to his opponent. If the picture has been affectionately, it has been conscientiously drawn, and, while developing with warm tints the good qualities of the man, it does not conceal the errors of the politician. And it is a picture of a life which was not only prolonged for a generation beyond the assigned limit, but full of activity, vigor, and usefulness to the last, the undecayed patriotism of the nonagenarian inspiring the young enthusiasm of a favorite grandson with new ardor for the great contest which we have just passed through, and in which he bore an honorable part. Fortunate throughout the whole of his long career in the best worldly sense; respected always, even by his bitterest opponents; doubtful of the people by reason of inherited prejudices, but true all his life long to a love of liberty also inherited, — the life of Josiah Quincy is one which deserves to be well told, and it has been.

The book is published in a handsome octavo volume, by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

From the Spectator, Nov. 9.

ITALY has "caved in." On Saturday, an intimation was conveyed to Florence that the conjoint occupation would not be allowed, that the Emperor had ordered 100,000 men to enter the Papal States, and that Italy must retreat beyond the frontier. On the Sunday, Garibaldi was attacked below Monte Rotondo by the Papal Zouaves, commanded by General de Charrette, — a son, we believe, of the Vendean hero, — and a French brigade, under General Polhes. On Tuesday, Garibaldi, defeated and retreating, was disarmed by the Italians; and on Wednesday the Papal States had been evacuated by the Royal troops, and La Marmora was apologizing at

the Tuileries for the momentary independence of his country. Victor Emanuel at the last moment shrank back from the danger of war with France, and laid his country bound and helpless at the feet of Napoleon. No baser act has been committed in our day, and Cavour, could he have survived such a humiliation for an hour, would have been the first to vote for a Republic. By retiring before such a mandate, the King confesses that Italy is a dependency of France, that she has no right in Rome, and that her people are weaker for self-defence than Mexicans. Italy deserves more than ever the sympathy of Englishmen, but the House of Savoy, by submitting to foreign orders, has forfeited its moral right to reign.

THE accounts of the battle of Monte Rotondo, or Mentana, as the French call it, from a village nearer to Rome, are conflicting; but according to the most trustworthy accounts Garibaldi was entrenched on the hills with about 4,000 men, when on Sunday the Papal Zouaves, four thousand strong, armed with Chassepots, advanced to the attack. Pressed by hunger, Garibaldi descended the hills, and tried to pass the Zouaves and so seize Tivoli, but he was intercepted at Mentana, and in the struggle which followed barely held his own. The Zouaves, however, were desisting from the attack, when the Polhes brigade of 5,000 regulars arrived, and the Garibaldians, who had lost 500 in killed and wounded, broke, fled, or surrendered. They had fought splendidly, as the *Moniteur* admits, but they were hungry, Garibaldi having expected food from the regular army. The moment defeat was certain, an officer or two collected a small body of the Red Shirts, enclosed the General, bore him off his feet, and in spite of all orders carried him by force to Terni, where he was arrested by the King's command and sent to Spezzia, whence, it is believed in Florence, he will be shipped for America. This account, it will be seen, is not that of the *Moniteur*, but we believe it to be correct.

GREAT efforts have been made all through Italy to conceal the truth as to the subservieney of the Government, all newspapers having been "invited" to silence, and all telegrams suppressed. The instant, however, the retreat was known Milan broke into fierce insurrection, no details of which have arrived, but which was suppressed by the free use of the rifle. It is asserted that the revolt was put down by the National Guard, but the soldiers must also have been employed. A similar movement occurred at Pavia, but according to the best accounts the Italians, though frantic with emotion, are willing to wait the reassembling of Parliament, which is summoned for the 26th. In that body the Reds will be immensely strengthened by recent events, and may insist on a Mordini Ministry, in which case war has not yet been finally averted. The King is calling out every available soldier, intending to repress the revolution; but once assembled, Parliament may assign them other work to do. The pivot of power in Italy is the Chamber.

THE Emperor of the French is said to have set forth his attitude towards Italy very dramatically in his reception of General la Marmora. Instead of coming forward and taking his hand, he only made a slight inclination of the head, and then asked coldly what he wished to say. General la Marmora made his statement, when the Emperor asked if he had any more to observe, and hearing that he had not, bowed again as stiffly as before, and said he might retire. A messenger followed to assure the General that this icy reception was given not to the individual, but to the Government he represents. The Italian Government had studiously courted this indignity, and announced its determination not to resent it, by a public attitude, not perhaps so dramatic, but very much more humiliating than La Marmora's in this frigid presence. The Emperor's lively translation of the meaning of those transactions into the language of demeanour, may be useful to Italy, and will, we hope, be widely known there.